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## NOTES.

The debate in the House of Commons upon the grant of £30,000 to Lord Kitchener served to emphasise three facts: 1. That the Radical party is more hopelessly divided than ever. 2. That Mr. John Morley is mentally incapacitated from ever leading any considerable section of that party. 3. That there is no common measure of money and military merit. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the titular leader of the Opposition, expressed his opinion that the disentombment of the Mahdi's remains was "vulgar," thus placing the incident in the category assigned to it by Lord Salisbury who described the whole as "a question of taste" (the word suggests an explanation of Lord Kitchener's presence in either House at a State panegyric on himself and his achievements). Sir William Harcourt found it easiest neither to speak nor vote; and we do not mean to be discourteous when we say that Mr. Morley led through the lobby a small and ragged regiment of cranks. As for Mr. Morley himself, it is almost inconceivable that a man of his calibre as a thinker and historian should be so utterly lacking in all sense of proportion. He reminds us of La Fontaine's fable of the Bear and his friend. The bear, observing a fly on the nose of his friend, took up a stone, and in his desire to spot the fly smashed his friend's face.

It was the first duty of Lord Kitchener, as Mr. Ballfour put it, to "cut the very root of that fanatical superstition which had been the strength of Mahdism for fifteen or sixteen years." After consultation with the Mohammedan officers of the Egyptian army Lord Kitchener decided that the Mahdi's tomb could not be allowed to develop into a sort of minor Mecca, and must therefore be broken up. Lord Charles Beresford, though he got out of his depth on the subject of Mr. Morley's writings about fanaticism, hit the nail on the head when he said that Lord Kitchener gave the order, and took the responsibility for the manner of its execution, though the latter was probably as little to his liking as to that of Mr. Morley. The appropriation of the skull as a trophy was unquestionably a mistake; but there was a good deal of affectation about the debate, and it was with a sigh of relief that we happened upon the following peroration of Mr. Vicary Gibbs: "What happened to his bones after this human machine had ceased to work was a matter of extreme indifference to him personally, and he was still more indifferent as to what happened to a bloody ruffian who

was now fortunately dead." A whiff of wit and common sense is very refreshing sometimes. The one point which no one took is that the sum of £30,000 is absurdly inadequate to support the dignity which the Queen has conferred upon Lord Kitchener.

So far it is difficult to deny that there has been some justification for the fears of those who said that whatever happened at the Peace Conference England would come out of it worse off than she went in. Already Great Britain has suffered an awkward snub, and there may be another coming. The No. 2 Commission has begun by pronouncing that the Dum-Dum bullet—the projectile England uses in that part of her Empire where she has the most serious and frequent occasions to fight—is condemned by humanity. The newspapers make rather light of this, and say that of course we shall take no notice at all of the resolution. But if we are going to ignore the decisions of the Conference—as we must in this case—we were better out of the affair than in it. Having performed this little service for us, Commission No. 2 is now busy trying to apply the rules of the Brussels Convention to maritime warfare, which is a project we are bound to resist. The defeat of the proposal will give sentimental Governments like Russia, so tender to its Finns and its famine-stricken peasants, an excellent opportunity to point out, when the occasion arises, that it is really Britain, with her expanding bullets and her naval brutality, that is the obstacle to mitigating the horrors of war.

Contrary to all expectations, there was no brawl on the boulevards last Saturday night. The verdict of the Cour de Cassation was known by five o'clock, and received with indifference and calm. No one shouted; no one applauded, and few idlers hovered about the doors of the "Libre Parole," where trouble always begins, but soon dispersed. In the cafés sociable sipping went on, and mild games of backgammon and dominoes; nor had *écarté* players reason to throw down their cards and hasten to the door to watch the noisy progress of an anti-Semitic mob. Where were M. Drumont's *cliques*? What had become of the "Jeunesse Royaliste" and its white flag? Worn out and hoarse were they from cheering Marchand? Under a throat specialist's care, in bed? Nearer still: in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where the "Ligue des Patriotes" is installed, learning their lesson for the morrow.

It was not to strike President Loubet, but merely to clamour for his resignation and cheer Marchand. But the Commandant had been advised, ordered rather, by M. Krantz, not to appear; and it was not until the reason of his absence had been suggested by the organisers of the demonstration that the more brutal scenes at Auteuil occurred. To-day they are stale; everyone wonders what will happen at Longchamps to-morrow. With characteristic pluck, M. Loubet has proclaimed his intention of witnessing the Grand Prix; and both sides are preparing a demonstration. In spite of the severe measures that will be taken to secure order, we cannot think that the afternoon will be free of stirring features. Bitter enemies will meet on the field, and, in all probability, attack one another; but however grave the events and consequences of to-morrow may be, we would point out that they will not be the work of the people, who do not go to races but spend their Sundays either in the country, or in listening to the bands in the public parks.

Marchand's discreet and modest bearing during his short sojourn in Paris, is deserving of everyone's esteem and admiration. He came at a critical moment. But in spite of the exhaustive praise of the Patriots—their speeches, their gifts, their banquets—and M. François Coppée's sickly demonstration of affection, the Commandant preserved a dignified and soldierly attitude throughout. He was "dazzled," he said; and no wonder! Mobs howled until he appeared on the balcony of the Cercle Militaire, and clamoured for a speech again and again. Near by, MM. Jules Lemaître and Coppée described his heroic feats to an enormous crowd from the windows of the Café de la Paix. Everyone cheered. Everyone shouted. Fearing further disturbance, M. Krantz "advised" the Commandant not to disclose the day and hour of his departure. With loyal grace he consented, and left Paris, without pomp, last Monday. He is expected to return, however, in October.

Crisis and scandal in France afford a useful amnesty for their chronic condition in Italy, though the evil is crushing out every hope of national prosperity. Maybe the story of the Bank of Naples and of the Giolitti plico has not the resounding importance of Panama, but it betrays an atmosphere of political putrefaction which could not fail to retard the development even of a robust nation, which Italy certainly is not. And the disgrace is now to be insisted upon, for an opinion is gradually forming that, all other public men having been found wanting, recourse may once more be had to the discredited Crispi, whose private behaviour is even lower than his public incapacity. Did we need further witness, we would point to his recent conduct in the Chamber, and ask whether a man who brandishes a revolver and stigmatises his political opponents as "swine" is fit to be entrusted with the destinies of a great Power. As for the attempt to raise an outcry against the Italian army it is unlikely to find favour, for though the troops have not often been successful the individual soldiers are not unpopular with the people, and the bersaglieri's feathers are a source of constant admiration to the nursemaids.

Hitherto few of us have been tempted to take Germany seriously as a colonial empire, but this generation's expansion and a growing evidence of transpontine ambitions foreshadow rivalries, perhaps conflicts next century. The serious aspect lies in the fact that German colonies are always acquired, with frank cynicism, as means to a commercial or strategic end. Such are naturally more useful and less burthensome than those appropriated in the old wholesale, indiscriminate way. Whether the islands just purchased from Spain are worth their price is being warmly debated in the Fatherland, but we are already satisfied on the subject by the opinion of Prince Bismarck, who certainly owed no suit and service to sentiment.

For ourselves, we confess to some anxiety as to the increased foothold now obtained by Germany in the Pacific, to whose eventual dominion we attach importance. It is also a disturbing reflection that, had we

been less effusive towards the United States and less churlish towards Spain, we might have been bidden to the bidding. As it was, the main charge against the Carlists lay in an unfounded rumour that they were for bartering the Carolines with England in return for promises of support. And now the Alfonsists are accepting with alacrity the official explanation that, the main colonies being lost, the sorry remnant may as well be cast off as a useless encumbrance. This is to dot the i's with a vengeance: it sets forth, with no uncertain sound, the definite, final abandonment of all hope of ever attempting to revive any substantial portion of the old Spanish Empire. Yet a man of strength and courage might still hope to accomplish much.

The Austro-Hungarian conflict has entered upon a curious phase of aggressive armistice. Each side has declared with emphasis that it has reached the utmost limit of concession, yet Graf Thun has continued to daily with his irreconcilable adversary during four months, and that adversary has continued to confer with his yet more irreconcilable colleagues at Budapest. Some profess to discern a game of bluff in this, but each is really confident in the strength of his hand, and considerable "raising" is justified. On the question of the quota to be paid by Hungary, Herr von Szell offers better terms than Baron Bánffy was prepared to concede, but many other confusing issues remain for solution, chief among them the renewal of commercial treaties, by which Hungary does not desire to be further bound. Graf Thun is said to meditate retirement and Graf Manfred Clary-Aldringen has been mentioned as a possible successor, but whatsoever Premier may hold the seals, he is like to find the maintenance of the existing dualism beyond his strength.

That the Tsar has been much perturbed by the student troubles in St. Petersburg and Kieff is clear from the unusually outspoken terms in which he has censured the officials concerned. He expresses his "grief and displeasure" at the disorders that have taken place, and declares that the police "resorted to one of the extreme methods of acting upon a crowd"—that is, flogged them through the streets with loaded whips—"without any special necessity for it." He censures the professors and authorities for not having acquired more "moral influence" over the students and, oddly enough, charges the Minister of Public Instruction (whose incompetence and perverse blundering were at the bottom of the whole affair) to convey a suitable reproof to the professors. The police are then informed that their arrangements were "unsuitable and incompetent," and the students are enjoined to mend their ways in future. All of which shows that His Majesty, as we know, means well but possesses little insight into the character and capacity of those by whom he is surrounded.

It is greatly to be regretted that the recent Anglo-Russian Railway Agreement was drawn with such needless brevity. Lord Salisbury, as the new China Blue Book shows, proposed that a precise definition of the term "Yangtse basin" should be inserted; but for some reason this was not done. Hence we do not accurately know what region it is that the Russians intend to include within this vague geographical term. As it is highly probable that they would delimit it in a very different manner from our own Foreign Office, it would seem advisable to supplement the latest convention by a fresh agreement on this point. What is more important still is that an arrangement should be made as to the debateable land, which is neither Manchuria nor "Yangtse Valley," but lies between the two.

The Russians evidently think that the Northern China provinces of Shansi and Pechili are ear-marked for them, and as we said the other day, if we are really to do what we like in all the vast central region, we can hardly object to this claim. The latest phase of the chronic dispute over concessions at Peking is connected with Shansi. The British Minister has informed the Tsung-li-Yamen that the Peking syndicate propose to

construct a railway in this district, and another in Honan; and the Russians have entered a protest. It is clear that they read the Agreement in the sense suggested above, and we really cannot call it unnatural. If we are preparing for partition, industrially or otherwise, we must make up our minds that we are not going to get so magnificent a territory as the Central Provinces without allowing Russia, in return, something much better worth having than a slice of the Frozen North.

Mr. Chamberlain's reply to a question regarding the Anglo-American Commission carries the matter no farther, but the Foreign Office is to be congratulated on the promptitude with which they put the public in possession of the true facts regarding the Alaskan boundary dispute. As we indicated last week, the comments from Washington were surely misleading figments of the journalistic imaginations. The delusive and elusive attitude of the American negotiators is now only too clear. Arbitration is to be permitted if we first concede their claims to everything of importance. Their demand for a Commission of Arbitrators, to consist of three jurists on each side, instead of one on each side, and a third selected by those two, indicates a wish for an impasse rather than a settlement. The Canadian assertion that the United States claimed that all places in the occupation of their own citizens should be admitted to be outside arbitration is absolutely correct, astonishing as it may seem. This is the direct opposite to the attitude we have assumed with regard to Venezuela. There we have consented to submit all disputed territory to arbitration, however clear we believe the title of our citizens to be. Naturally we negatived this suggestion.

The "Times," which recently has adopted so many new ideas, has introduced or at any rate authorised, a substantial modification in the status of the Special Correspondent. The old convention with regard to this functionary was that he was an independent English gentleman commissioned to supply impartial information upon facts and public opinion in the country to which he was appointed. But the most influential of the "Times" correspondents are not Englishmen, and they make no pretence to be impartial. Mr. Smalley, who represents that journal in the United States, is an American, and he has lately devoted himself to the exhibition of an ultra-American zeal in writing down the Canadians and weakening their case in the Boundary Dispute. In fact he goes further than the more respectable New York journals in his attack on the Dominion Government; and he has compelled the "Times" itself to write a leader in which it is solemnly pointed out that Mr. Smalley is much too patriotic an American to be trusted implicitly in this case. But in spite of this correction it has gone forth through the length and breadth of Canada that the immense influence of the "Times" has been employed to support American chicane and sharp practice; and we cannot be surprised that this annoys and irritates the colonists.

An Indian grievance, never urged by Indians, is the telegraph rate. One shilling a word from London to America and four to Calcutta is a hardship that the most elaborate private codes have failed to make endurable. Increase of traffic would speedily recoup any loss in rates if the reduction were large enough. To be really effective it should halve the present charges. It is a case for heroic measures, but the cable companies have not the spirit of heroes and demand a Government guarantee. A precedent for such action exists in the case of Australia. The Colonial Governments there undertook to indemnify the companies for a much larger reduction. The action of the Indian Government in the same direction calls for support on this side. As the largest customer of the wires, its right pocket will know what its left is doing.

If the new Viceroy may justly be charged with too much talking, it has been an open secret that he in his turn found administrative matters, as presented to him, overlaid with too much writing. His reforms are now stated in the Anglo-Indian Press to include a measure

for "muzzling the secretariats." If this forcible phrase expresses an intention to decentralise the working of Government departments Lord Curzon will, in theory at least, have everyone with him and will even find ardent allies in the muzzled secretaries. He need not go far to make a commencement. Effective reform should begin at the top. Those at headquarters must be content to know less and trust more, before the concentration of all authority in their hands can be checked. No restriction of secretaries' minutes will meet the case. A muzzling reform confined to secretariat files will leave the mischief where it found it.

The campaign of intrigue and misrepresentation continues in Morocco, but others besides ourselves are beginning to discover the artificiality of French professions. More encouraging still, the tribesmen of the whole Empire are realising the true character and the small danger of the intended aggression. Henceforward the French explorer, pretending a quasi-geographical mission, will at once be hurried back to his frontier with quite as much civility as he has any right to anticipate, and the old amusement of inventing border-troubles, suborning provocative agents, and inviting loyal Moors to treacherous fraternisation may not count upon even momentary satisfaction. The Moors are not so ignorant of European affairs but that they find cause for wonder in the zeal of France to propagate a civilisation which she is still unable to establish among her public men at home. The main objection to her methods is that the remoter natives are not always able to distinguish at first sight between one white man and another.

The Admiralty are being taken to task for introducing a French water-tube boiler into the Navy. No doubt had an equally good British type of this boiler, suitable for large vessels, been available, we should not have adopted the Belleville pattern. But the critics go further and deny the advantages of this generator of steam, declaring that it is unsafe and unreliable. They point to the fact that it is not used in our mercantile marine. The conditions, however, of the two services are very different. If the Belleville boiler costs more than the ordinary type, it has an advantage for warships in the rapidity with which speed can be raised when required, say, from ten to twenty knots. This in wartime would be of the utmost importance. That the Belleville boiler is perfect nobody will assert, but a fleet cannot afford to wait for an ideal steam generator. While seeking to improve in every way the water-tube boiler it must not be abandoned until science has given us something better.

In view of the lamentable state to which recruiting for the army and militia is reduced, too much attention—as the SATURDAY REVIEW has already pointed out—cannot be expended on our colonial forces. So it is gratifying to learn that there are to be issued a decoration for colonial auxiliary officers and a long-service medal for their men. The period of service is in each case to be twenty years, while service on the West Coast of Africa is to count double. It will be an additional bond of union between the various colonies, and will tend still further to weld their forces into one harmonious whole.

Mr. H. J. Tennant's Factories Bill, which is also backed by two Tories, Sir J. Stirling Maxwell and Mr. Lionel Holland, must be taken as a precedent, as a conveyancer would say, rather than as an actual legislative proposition. It can go no further this session. There are many suggestions in it we should much like to see put into effect, notably one which goes to the root of very many of the evils of sweating. Make the manufacturer who gives out work to be done "at home" responsible for the conditions of labour in respect of sanitation in the same way as though the worker's home were the employer's own workshop, and sweating would probably cease altogether. We cannot help wishing that the clause embodying this proposal had been introduced as a Bill by itself. Progress in such matters is best made by concentration on one specific point at a time.

Thanks partly to the energy of some of the more responsible Orange leaders—notably of Mr. William Johnston, M.P.—and partly to the fact that its streets were filled with soldiers and police the rival mobs in Belfast were kept separate on Monday and bloodshed averted for the present, but the outlook for the summer is not bright. A spirit has been roused which even Mr. Johnston may be unable to hold in check next month when the danger is at its height and when processions and excursions are the order of the day. The rowdy element had three or four months' enjoyment in baiting an unfortunate "ritualist" vicar and his congregation, and they take it ill for the police to interfere now that things are becoming lively and the weather propitious. Mr. Gerald Balfour spoke on Tuesday night as if all the danger were over, but if he looks back to the report on the riots of 1886 he will see that although the first outbreak was quelled on June 9 by the shooting of seven rioters (including two women) it was not till the middle of September that the last battue took place in Divis Street. It takes about twelve or thirteen years for the rising generation to grow up after an orgie like that, and then they too, never having looked down the barrel of a policeman's rifle, long to wash their spears.

Lord Rosebery has had the wisdom up to now to avoid ecclesiastical controversy and has thereby gained no small advantage over his less circumspect rival, Sir William Harcourt. And if in his parish-room utterances at Epsom he kept himself commendably clear of the acridity of theological controversy, it is difficult not to say that he would have done still better to have broken his silence on the "crisis" not at all. If you will speak on an unpleasant subject, you ought to say something; and if there is anything in what you say, it is not likely to be pleasant. Therefore no one should speak but under the compulsion of duty and the inspiration of exceptional knowledge. Lord Rosebery is too astute to expose colossal ignorance in matters ecclesiastical in the reckless fashion of Sir William Harcourt, but his escape lay in the hardly more satisfactory direction of rather unctuous platitudes. We do not want Lord Rosebery to tell us harmony is better than divisions; nor is there any rhetorical merit in the invocation of the shade of S. Paul to consider the spectacle of the Church of this day.

We congratulate the Dean of Norwich. Hitherto Norwich has been unenviably known as possessing the very worst cathedral organ and musical service in England. But Dr. Lefroy, whose success in collecting money for church purposes is becoming proverbial, has, we understand, raised the £6,000 necessary to remove that reproach, and the last is to become the first. To a single generous donor, the Dean and the church public are indebted for increasing this fund by £1,300, so as to enable an echo organ to be added, the triforia of the cathedral giving special structural facilities for the erection of such an instrument. S. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are the only churches in England with celestial organs at present. Norwich is a place of repute as a musical centre, and it was quite time that its churchmen put their great cathedral in the leading position which it ought to occupy in this matter amongst provincial diocesan centres.

The charming address given by the Italian Ambassador before the Dante Society on Wednesday evening was interesting as a specimen of pure and spirited Italian eloquence, but the English title given to it in the notices issued beforehand was distinctly misleading. This his Excellency explained was due to a misunderstanding. The subject of the discourse would more correctly have been described as "Dante's views on the spirit of acquisitiveness in men of affairs." He rightly pointed out that Dante reserved the worst punishments for those whose crimes were inspired by lust of gain, and that he expressed his most pitiless contempt for those whose ideals were purely material. He might have added that the study of Dante accordingly furnishes an excellent antidote to the current idols of the market-place. The Poet Laureate who followed delivered an impassioned harangue, evidently inspired by the before-mentioned mistransla-

tion, to prove that poets are frequently practical men and good fathers and husbands. But surely this was an unnecessary excursus! Who believes that all poets are immoral any more than that all moral versifiers are poets?

Mr. Robert Wallace did not actually die when addressing the House of Commons, but he was seized with an apoplectic fit in the middle of a sentence, and after clutching vainly at his glasses sank into his seat a helpless wreck, and died a few hours later in a hospital. It was a tragic end to a pathetically unsuccessful life. Extraordinary rhetorical power he possessed, for it is no ordinary man who can be successively a minister of the Church of Scotland, a University professor, the editor of the "Scotsman," and at the same time a member of Parliament, a journalist, and a practising barrister. Mr. Wallace's wit was not "Scotch wit"; it was "Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech," and yet he made no enemies, such was the geniality of his temper. His failure, of course, was due to a want of stability, and is only a further illustration of the fact that character is an infinitely more important factor in success than brains.

The brilliancy of the Cambridge celebrations of Sir George Stokes' jubilee did not exceed that of their hero's intellectual powers. Fifty years Lucasian Professor, Sir George is in every way one of the first—Lord Kelvin has called him actually the first of living men of science. "In optics the teacher and guide of his contemporaries," as Professor J. J. Thompson described him. Of such a man Cambridge does well to be proud. But scintillate with striking points as did these celebrations, surely the most striking was the Duke of Devonshire's unique exhibition of moral courage. To him, as Chancellor of the University, fell the task of pronouncing the formal eulogy on Sir George Stokes, a task which the most brilliant of born orators might find difficult in such circumstances and in such environment. The Duke had the honesty to admit that it was too much for him; and announced that he should take refuge in a crib—saving his moral rectitude by the open avowal. Thereupon he drew forth and read a graceful panegyric. Never did all who witnessed the performance feel their respect for the Duke so great—perhaps because most of them would have some knowledge of the ways of other public men.

We shall not, we hope, be violating the S. Paul's armistice, if we repeat a story told by Hamdi-Bey, the Director of the Imperial Ottoman museums, containing a very excellent moral. Early in the eighties, some Russian grand-duke being expected in Constantinople, the local authorities gave orders for the greater buildings surrounding the At-Meidan to be whitewashed in his honour. The official charged with the execution of this order proceeded in his zeal to whitewash the bronze Platæan column, when happily a passer-by, seeing what was going on, rushed off and informed the Director. Hamdi-Bey, horrified, sped to the spot, and preferring the column's green old age to its white new coat, immediately with his own hand and a sponge, hot water and caustic soda washed off the sacrilegious paint.

We wonder how many of our readers had recalled the fact that this is White Rose Day, which once upon a time was the occasion for widespread floral display, and has commanded a lingering observance, during more than two centuries, among those who regard the romance of a lost cause. The origin of the emblem is ascribed to the fact that it was worn by the partisans of James II. when he was Duke of York, and the white cockades of the Forty-five were doubtless a mere adaptation. Much of the persistency in wearing this and the oak-leaf badge of Jacobitism may have been due to the pains and penalties which the authorities directed against them, for the English are an obstinate race and their creeds have ever thriven under persecution. Though the dynastic issues of last century seem strangely far away, it may be that many may still be tempted to don the old token, remembering its sentimental associations with loyalty, as a religion for which a man might be content to lay down his life.

## THE NEW SITUATION.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN summed up the result of the Bloemfontein conference by informing the House of Commons, in answer to a question, that "a new situation had been created." At first sight it seems inexplicable that Mr. Chamberlain should have allowed Sir Alfred Milner to go to Bloemfontein, or that Sir Alfred Milner should have consented to go, without previously agreeing with Mr. Kruger as to the points to be discussed. In important negotiations this is almost invariably done; and from a diplomatic point of view it may have been a mistake to dispense with the practice on this occasion. But if a mistake has been made in this respect, it has been due to a most honourable and praiseworthy motive. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner were anxious to give Mr. Kruger what we described a fortnight ago as his last chance; and therefore the High Commissioner stood not upon the order of his going, but went to Bloemfontein. The result has been published, Mr. Kruger has thrown away that chance, wantonly, wilfully, and with every opportunity of deliberation. Those who know Sir Alfred Milner can easily imagine the patience, and the courtesy, with which he advanced his proposals, and the steady desire to give his adversary time to reflect which induced him to prolong the conference over Sunday. But these conciliatory qualities were thrown away upon an opponent who came with a fixed resolve to appear to discuss everything, but in reality to do nothing. In diplomacy a strict limitation of purpose and belief is always successful—for a time. Mr. Kruger's purpose is to do nothing, and his belief is that his adversary will do nothing. For fifteen years he has been successful; but he has got to the end of his tether.

The Bloemfontein Conference has failed to settle any of the questions at issue between Great Britain and the Transvaal, or even the bases on which they might be settled. But it has been successful in demonstrating to the States of South Africa and Europe the insincerity and obstinacy of Mr. Kruger. We should not write this if we thought Mr. Kruger had tabled his proposals of reform in good faith. It is not because we think with Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner that these proposals are "wholly inadequate" that we accuse Mr. Kruger of trifling with the dignity of Great Britain and the peace of South Africa. The adequacy or inadequacy of Mr. Kruger's proposals is a fair matter for argument, and we have never been in favour of forcing our own proposals hastily down the throat of the Transvaal Government. The question of a five years' or a seven years' qualifying period for the franchise, the form of the oath of allegiance, the number of members in the Raad to represent the mining industry, the dynamite monopoly, all these are points which we should be willing to discuss, provided we are satisfied of one thing, namely, that Mr. Kruger enters upon the discussion seriously and honestly. We are sorry to be obliged to say so, but we do not believe that Mr. Kruger tabled his programme of reform in good faith. When a man says, "I propose A, B, C, and D, subject to the proviso that you accept E," which he knows very well that you will not and cannot accept, he is a dishonest negotiator, and you waste your time in talking to him. Mr. Kruger comes to Bloemfontein, and produces certain proposals of franchise reform which he says he will submit to the Raad subject to the condition that Great Britain will agree to submit "the differences between the two countries to arbitration." We suppose that no moderate man would object to the principle of arbitration being applied to minor questions in dispute, such as the dynamite monopoly, or the damages due for the Jameson Raid. But when it comes to political rights arbitration is plainly inadmissible. Moreover, arbitration is only applicable when the disputants are equal, not as to strength, obviously, for Venezuela is not in that sense the equal of Great Britain, but equal as to status, when, in other words, the two Powers who submit to arbitration are independent of one another. But arbitration between an inferior and a paramount Power, which latter controls the foreign relations and treaties of the

former, is an impossibility. Just think of it. The arbitration between the Portuguese Government and the Delagoa Bay railway company has lasted nine years, and is not finished yet. Imagine every time a difference arose between Downing Street and Pretoria as to the interpretation of the London Convention the whole politics of South Africa being paralysed for nine years, while some Swiss or Italian arbitrators were turning the matter over in their minds! Mr. Kruger knows the absurdity of the thing as well as anybody, and therefore we repeat that in making his arbitration clause a condition precedent to the granting of any reforms he is simply trifling, as he has always done, with the cause of the Uitlanders. It is not the independence of the Transvaal that Mr. Kruger wishes to preserve, but the independence of the Boers in the Transvaal of all the obligations of civilised government.

We do not care to compare in detail the proposals of Sir Alfred Milner with those of Mr. Kruger, because, until we are convinced of the latter's honesty and sincerity of purpose, such comparisons are waste of time. The calm strength of Mr. Balfour's reference to the Conference at the banquet of the National Union was very statesmanlike; and there was the right ring of resolution in his declaration that England would not see the rights of her citizens trampled in the dust. But Mr. Balfour has confidence in the justice and moderation of our demands, and there was dignity as well as power in his conviction that, now that our case is fairly before the world, public opinion in South Africa, irrespective of race, will take our side. Should the Dutch in the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State join with the more enlightened section of the Boers in supporting Sir Alfred Milner's proposals, the pressure, quite apart from all question of physical force, would be such as not even Mr. Kruger could resist. But with or without the Dutch, England has now gone so far that she cannot recede without making sacrifices which she is not accustomed to make to the strongest European Power.

## THE SOURCES OF CONSPIRACY.

IN our bird's-eye view of the Dreyfus case last week, we lingered in the streets, on the boulevards, by the Panthéon—among the manifestations of mobs and the bonfires of the Jeunesse—taking note of the pulse of Paris from the moment that it began to quicken and throb. To discover the motives and passions responsible for this agitation, one must turn away from the streets and the typical Parisian—more the man in the street than any domesticated Londoner—and explore the coulisses of the War Office, the Palais Bourbon, the Church, and the Press for the real culprits, whose guilty campaign against truth and justice has poisoned the life of the nation for over two years. These four combinations are alone responsible for this period of conspiracy and strife. They have acted in collusion from the start; they scheme together still. Chastised by the Cour de Cassation, threatened with exposure by Colonel du Paty de Clam, they cannot be blind to the fact that their campaign is doomed. Their stubborn fraternity in the cause of injustice, their singular courage in defence of fraud, their invincible fortitude in the face of humiliating exposure, all this solidarity to do evil is of a character that compels—well, let us say, the world's amazement. They might still recognise their fault, deplore it; an indulgent public would lay it down to excessive zeal. They would have to lie low for a while, and put up with the triumphant eloquence of M. Clémenceau and the Dreyfusard Press; but surely this would be less humiliating than the censure and condemnation of the coming Conseil de Guerre? Still they prefer to cling to their crime; vainly thinking to upset M. Dupuy and his Cabinet, as well as President Loubet, by brawls (as at Auteuil), and to replace them by a president and cabinet hostile to Captain Dreyfus, before his new trial at Rennes. What does it all mean? The reasons of the separate conspirators for their wilful continuation of so infamous a campaign, when examined one by one, appear clear.

Vanity is the chief characteristic of the *État Major*; it is almost mad with the sense of its dignity and pride.

The Army it regards as the highest and most sacred power in the State; not to be judged, not to be criticised. To protect its honour, any and every sacrifice should be made; and in this last despotic principle lies the explanation of the État Major's refusal to consider for one moment the reversal of its sentence, be Captain Dreyfus guilty or innocent. When Colonel Picquart acquainted General Gonse with his fears, the last replied over and over again that "it was necessary to proceed with the greatest prudence and tact." As Colonel Picquart became more and more positive that a terrible blunder had been committed, General Gonse and the rest of the État Major became more and more convinced that he was not a loyal officer, and dispatched him on a dangerous mission to Tunis. "The Honour of the Army" is at stake, they argued: better that one innocent man should suffer than the whole of the General Staff. Thus calming their conscience, they sought for further proofs to damage Captain Dreyfus: and not finding any, concocted a few. Forgery under the existing circumstances seemed a trifl: was not the "Honour of the Army" at stake? Soon, fear came. Colonel Henry's suicide, M. Cayagnac's resignation, Esterhazy's flight, put the État Major into emotion. Day by day the "Honour of the Army" was "insulted." Had its chiefs only looked ahead, they would have seen how impossible it was to stifle the truth any longer, how near was the end, how necessary a candid explanation. But the vanity of the État Major is of a singular sort: it is not only the pride that goes before a fall, but that after a fall boasts of it. Threatened with arrest, the generals hold their heads high, viewing, so they say, the future without emotion, without malice, without fear.

The anti-Dreyfusard deputies of the Lower Chamber had even less excuse for their campaign against the Revision. They had not to protect the "Honour of the Army"; but no more favourable opportunity to insult their opponents had presented itself since the Panama affair. To call an old enemy a traitor was a "beau geste"; to be cheered and hailed as a patriot by M. Millevoye and his paper, reason, indeed, to rejoice. So obscure deputies raised storms, to obtain renown; and delivered windy speeches, to be published in the "Libre Parole"; and finding themselves noticed for the first time, grew more abusive every day, more libellous, and more ridiculously patriotic. Others followed their example from sheer fear. Were their seats insecure, and their constituents given to reading the "Intransigeant" and "Libre Parole," they made haste to applaud and practise the policy of MM. Rochefort and Drumont. Anti-Semitic, Catholic, and Royalist deputies had at last got their opportunity to thunder and threaten. The first treated the Chamber to violent discourses against the Jews, and, quoting M. Drumont, declared that France would soon be in their power unless the Government ordered their expulsion. The second and last, always ready to attack the Republic, deplored the weakness of the Cabinet. Let it arrest anyone who insulted the flag, they cried; let it take strong measures to put an end to this Semitic crusade.

As for the Church, always prudent, she has been careful not to play an open part in the affair; but secretly and silently she has sown hatred and harm. Allied with the Royalists to upset the Republic and restore a monarchy; in sympathy with the anti-Semites for religious causes; firm supporter of the Army because its chiefs are fervent Catholics, she has every reason to be on friendly terms with all three. And then ever since the war she has been politely persecuted by the State. So suspiciously is she regarded, that presidents and ministers, through fear of their anti-clerical enemies, have been compelled to worship in private; the people, by no means religious, receive their first communion, but do not trouble the priest again until their death. Under royal rule the Church would appear all-powerful again; consequently she works towards that end. She inspires the "Jeunesse Royaliste" to march through the streets with a white flag, shouting "C'est Gamelle qu'il nous faut."

The campaign of the anti-Dreyfusard and anti-Semitic Press is still less pleasant to examine. Wholesale abuse of honourable men, foul libels, sinister efforts to

shield crime and stifle truth, are the tactics we discover. Subsidised by the État Major, the policy of the "Éclair" and "Echo de Paris" has been to uphold the "Honour of the Army"; and to do so, it has not hesitated to doubt the justice of the Bench. A retired magistrate has contributed daily articles to the second full of threats against the judges of the Cour de Cassation: it is refreshing, by the way, to see that they have had no effect. An appeal to the country's patriotism has been the theme of the "Intransigeant," made by M. Rochefort, with his usual eloquent insolence and abuse. No writer in the French Press has a richer store of unflattering epithets, but as he uses them all in a column article every day, they have lost their force, and pall. A brief survey of his amazing career proves him to be above all violent and perverse. A professed free-thinker, he is nevertheless a fierce persecutor of the Jews; and to escape the charges of inconsistency, declares that his campaign against them is conducted from patriotic, and not religious, scruples. But the most sinister figure in Parisian journalism is M. Drumont; its most scurrilous feature, the "Libre Parole." For anyone who has followed their odious career, to criticise them, and keep indignation under control, is difficult. In his youth, M. Drumont was a protégé of a Jewish family:—"My compliments, Monsieur," said a brother journalist to him on the boulevards some time ago; "up to now you have eaten the bread of the Jews. It has given you an appetite, and now you mean to eat them up quite whole." Unlike M. Rochefort, M. Drumont *has* opposed the Revision from religious motives; he is a fervent Catholic, and is bent on restoring the power of the Church. To sum the matter up, his recent visit to Marseilles and Algiers, his gratuitous distribution of anti-Semitic books and prints, his gross abuse of President Loubet and M. Dupuy, have but one end: to please the Army and the Church by wrecking the Republic and bringing about the expulsion of his foes. Of the same mind are MM. Millevoye of the "Patrie," Judet of the "Petit Journal," and Meyer of the "Gaulois." Neither space, nor inclination, have we to linger any longer among the black sheep of the Press; but before leaving the subject altogether, we would pay a tribute of admiration and esteem to its brighter and more honourable members, who have successfully supported a just cause: MM. Cornély, of the "Figaro," Clémenceau and de Pressensé of the "Aurore," Madame Séverine of the "Fronde," and a number more.

From this brief survey of the causes of the trouble, we may gather that they have not sprung from any national movement or national sentiment properly so called, that would tend to convict the French people of vindictive passions, blind prejudice, or indifference to injustice, but rather to a conspiracy against this national sentiment on the part of the État Major—interested in making its infallibility appear a condition necessary to the maintenance of the "Honour of the Army"—and on the part of the enemies of the Republic in the Church and Press, taking advantage of any opportunity to harass and discredit it. Outside these scheming circles, the country is calm. Blind faith in the Army has turned to doubt, and among many, to contempt; the people know they would be no happier under military rule. They have taken no part in manifestations. At the time of the Avenue Wagram riots, and later, of the boulevard brawls, they might be seen sitting sociably on their doorsteps a hundred yards away, indifferent as to what was going on. And in case it is thought that their disregard for Captain Dreyfus and his cause is cruel and callous, we would point out that they have been accustomed all their lives to scandals, and have suffered from them too; and that their political history has been so troubled, that it has left them exhausted and languid. Nor did the good Parisian think that his cries would have been of any importance and avail: he would have been arrested—Voilà tout. Consequences of the Dreyfus case up to now, he will tell you with a shrug of amiable despair, are centred in the commercial world, wealthy as well as poor. Shops have suffered, and hotels. Strangers telegraph to the last to put off their coming,

"because they have heard that Paris is not safe." Their absence is bitterly deplored in the Rue de Rivoli and Palais Royal; the success of the exhibition is threatened. But neither does the man in the street express adequately the mind and conscience of France. She will soon see, has begun to see, that her liberty is in danger, and will take strong measures to check the power of the army, and send Generals Gonse, de Boisdeffre, de Pellieux, and Mercier into retreat.

#### ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA.

INTEREST in the question of a National English Opera has been reawakened by a letter sent to the press during the week by some eminent musicians, some musicians who are not eminent, and certain gentlemen who are neither eminent nor musicians. None of these gentlemen have done much, or indeed anything, in the past to make the public think a national opera a national necessity; it was only when public opinion was formed that they eagerly rushed in and petitioned the London County Council, in more or less general terms, "in favour of a national opera." Still, they need not be grumbled at on that score; nor need they be objected to on the ground that they are a self-constituted and irresponsible committee. Their petition at least brought the question definitely before the London County Council; and now their modest demand for £180,000, to build an opera-house and run it for eight years, will enable the British taxpayer to decide whether in his own heart he desires a national opera. Before discussing their scheme it will be as well to remind our readers that the London County Council considered the petition "in favour of a national opera," and in the words of the letter just sent out:—

"After careful investigation, they [the London County Council] have issued a report in which they state their opinion that: 'The encouragement of the highest forms of musical art is greatly needed in London, and if accorded wisely, either by the State or by the municipality, it would be attended with very beneficial results to the whole community.' They are prepared to consider proposals for 'reserving a site in connexion with one of the central improvements for the purpose of its being used for the encouragement of the art of operatic music.' Furthermore they express the opinion that: 'This is essentially a case in which private individuals might be induced to assist public authorities. A scheme for the endowment of national opera would, we believe, commend itself to many persons capable of providing the requisite money, and if such a scheme were carried into practical effect, we think the Council would then do well to co-operate, so as to ensure the permanency and stability in the ultimate arrangements which would be essential in order to command success.' They add that, in the event of the theatre being erected by private enterprise, or by the Council, the terms of the lease might provide for the undertaking being carried on upon the lines of a national opera-house, and 'the Council might guarantee the capital, or enter into some other financial arrangement with its lessees, which would give it a right to see that its conditions were complied with.'"

This is the result Sir Alexander Mackenzie and his Academic friends chuckle over, as if the battle were already won. All that is wanted now, they declare, is the sum of £180,000. Unfortunately their scheme seems from every point of view a hopelessly bad one, and quite impracticable into the bargain.

The proposal is to build an opera-house at a cost of £100,000, and to use the remaining £80,000 as an endowment to guarantee the opera against loss for a term of eight years, someone having "estimated" the probable loss at £10,000 a year. Now we wish to point out that to mention the sum of £100,000 for an opera-house means either that the architect who has been consulted is preposterously sanguine or that it is intended to set up a ridiculously inadequate building in some out-of-the-way corner. If we are to have a national opera-house in London it must be a building that may be compared with, say, the Paris opera; it must not be a shabby affair at which foreign visitors will laugh as they laugh at our present national musical institution, the Philharmonic Society. A suitable building

cannot be erected for £100,000 in London; in fact, if we take into account expensive stage machinery and fittings required to perform opera as it is performed at Munich, or Bayreuth, or even at Paris, we think it well within the mark to say that five times £100,000 will be nearer the sum required. An ordinary theatre, such as our actor-managers are setting up every year, costs at least £100,000; and a National opera should not only be much larger than an actor-manager's theatre, and externally and internally a much more stately edifice, but must have machinery which the actor-manager would rather be without, and on which alone £100,000 can easily be spent. Again, where is our National opera-house to be built, and who is to pay for the site? There is only one possible site for it: it must be in the middle of the semicircle to be built when the County Council clears away the slums north of the Strand and effects its "central improvement." The signatories to the letter seem to imagine that the L.C.C. will give a site; but it is utterly impossible that this site should be given. The estimated price is £1,000,000 sterling. The County Council would not, and dare not if it would, give away so huge a sum of the ratepayers' money. Moreover, we have read the L.C.C. report with care and we see no indication of any willingness to *give* a site. There is indeed a deliciously vague remark about "reserving" a site, which may mean anything or nothing. Seeing that further on the report speaks of the L.C.C. "guaranteeing the capital," it would seem to mean only that a site will be "reserved" if someone will pay for it—that the County Council will place every facility in the purchaser's way. No private individual will give £1,000,000 for the site; and any opera-scheme would be killed by a ground rent based on a value of £1,000,000. And this means that Messrs. Mackenzie and Co.'s proposal is shown at the outset to be impracticable; it does not and cannot include the building of an opera-house in the only worthy site available. As for the sum of £10,000 a year being sufficient to cover loss and the opinion of certain "experts" that the annual deficit would tend to disappear, it is not worth the trouble of discussion. We can only admire the temerity of the "experts" and wonder who they are. We have yet to learn of the existence of a single expert in matters operatic to be found in England. Do these gentry calculate the cost of mounting a new opera, do they know the cost of a dragon for "Siegfried," have they ever heard of the cost per night of a first-class orchestra?

Even if the reproach of impracticability were removed from the Academic scheme, there remains the very strong objection of the musical public of London to an opera controlled either by Academies or by the County Council. The Academic clique and the County Council each seems to hope to get the matter into its private hands. "The Council might . . . enter into some financial arrangement . . . which would give it a right to see that its conditions were complied with"—thus the Council; and thus the Academic clique—"the scheme is to give during the autumn and winter the best operas, both past and present, in the language of this country, and interpreted as far as possible by English-speaking artists." Now we ought to know enough by this time of the supreme talent of the County Council for mismanaging any piece of business to hope that it may have little or nothing to do with opera. Neither do we want the Academic clique, with the colossal warning of the Philharmonic Society unforgetting, to step in and secure and stereotype renderings of familiar operas beneath the level to which the poorest travelling opera-company can now rise. It might be added that neither do we want our National Opera to be a sort of trial theatre for pupils from the Guildhall School or the Royal Academy or College of Music.

In fact we do not in the least want this municipal-cum-Academic hole and corner kind of opera. We do want a genuine national opera, at which all the master-pieces of opera will be sung, in the languages in which they were written, by the best artists available, no matter what their nationality may be. We want this in the first place; in the second we want a national opera-house which will not be a disgrace to the nation. How are these things to be secured? Evidently, only

by an effort of the nation, of the Government, which represents the nation. We do not pretend to lay down an elaborate plan in detail, but we do venture to indicate the only lines on which there is any probability of our getting what we want. It is for the Government to vote (as it could) the million to buy the only proper site; and if the Government did this, and gave a comparatively small sum—say £10,000 a year—the rest would almost do itself. The County Council might reasonably give £5,000 a year, on the ground that Londoners, who pay the rates, would have more frequent access to the opera than our countrymen who come up longer or shorter distances by rail. The Royal Family might be willing to avail itself of the opportunity to play the patron of musical art by giving at least £5,000 a year. The German Emperor contributes more than this; the Emperor of Austria gives considerably more; and we do not think our own rulers would wish to be behind these. Wealthy millionaires might be allowed to put down sums of something like £10,000 for a box for life, as has been done in New York. By these and other devices the necessary fund to cover the inevitable deficit on working an artistically conducted opera might be covered.

We suggest that in the summer season the national opera, with its permanent apparatus of orchestra, chorus and ballet, might be let to the Grand Opera Syndicate; during other months it might be let to other venturers, strictly on condition that it should never remain idle. Then, and not until then, shall we have a worthy national opera. It would not damage other praiseworthy schemes. On the contrary, by simulating the common appetite for opera it would help them. If once there were a permanent opera seated in London, the larger provincial towns would follow the example. In London alone there might be five or six minor houses, all well filled every night in the week. The national opera-house would, as a matter of fact, supply the small houses with principal singers. Moreover, the national opera-house would serve as a kind of school of dancing. At present we have no real dancing—no artistic dancing—in England. Before the works of Handel, Gluck, Mozart and all the old men can be given we must have such a school; a school of dancing would necessarily have to be commenced in connexion with our national opera; and it is even conceivable that, at times of the year when no one wanted opera, genuine ballet performances, of a kind quite unknown in England, might be given.

There remains one final remark to make. There is no reason why the present rulers of Covent Garden should oppose such a scheme as we propose. They must know that everyone in London is tired of second-rate performances at preposterous prices. Further, it is only a question of years until the Covent Garden Theatre will be pulled down to make room for the inevitable extension of the Covent Garden vegetable market.

#### HALF-TIME AND EDUCATION.

M R. ROBSON'S Education Bill has had a strange eventful history, not of vicissitude but unbroken triumph, from its second reading to its final passage through committee on Wednesday last. Never has a great social measure been more independently treated on its own merits, the Government and party cross currents more boldly ignored, by the House of Commons than they were in the act of conscience by which the House declared that an additional year of the childhood of 50,000 children between the age of eleven and twelve ought to be restored to them. We should have confidence that the House of Lords will not delay legislation which is ultimately certain, only that nothing is predictable of Lord Salisbury in matters of this kind after his treatment of the Shop Assistants' Seats Bill. The question, however, which Mr. Robson's Bill even as an Act would not finally settle is whether the half-time principle is in itself valuable from the point of view of industry and of education, or is so unhealthy that eventually it will die out and have only an antiquarian interest. It was noticeable and important in the recent debates that on the whole the argument for half-time was presented in the guise of an argument for a form

of education half literary half manual possessing greater advantages than school tuition alone. We should not like to describe as ignoble other arguments based on the pecuniary objections of employers and parents, and even on those of the children themselves, but in a sense easy to appreciate this educational view was the loftiest put forward by the opposition. Quite evidently opponents like Lord Cranborne would not have appeared in the ranks of Mr. Whiteley's supporters if it had not been for the particular educational theory they hold. As for Mr. Whiteley's own personal opposition it had not the dignity of any theory, except the old millowners' theory to which Factory Acts and Education Acts have long given the coup de grâce, that employers have a right to employ, and parents have a right to send into their mills, raw young children, as young as they can be got, to be used in the merely industrial and pecuniary interests of the adult parties to the squalid bargain. The smallness of his minorities is to be explained by the combined facts, firstly that there are not many who believe on principle in a method of education whose distinctive feature consists in running the school and the factory together tandem fashion if it can be avoided, though they may keenly enough appreciate the educational superiority of some more systematic form of union of the literary and manual elements than exists at present. Secondly that the old employer and parents' tradition is gradually dying out: the employers becoming even more rapidly than the parents, who have been their allies, averse to the employment of youthful hybrid workers. This indeed was one of the contentions of the opponents of the Bill. They admitted that the system is disappearing of itself. The Reports of Factory Inspectors illustrate in detail the growing impatience with half-timers amongst manufacturers. When they are working they ought to be at school; when they are at school they ought to be working. Without any educational theory the employers are coming to the conclusion that industrially the system is a failure.

In this way a conflict arises between the educational theory which supports half-time primarily for its intellectual and moral effects, and the growing industrial view against it. What will be the influence of the theory upon the remnant of the system which remains after Mr. Robson's bill? We imagine these educationists will insist in vain that their scheme also works for the industrial advantage of employers in turning out a class of operatives of superior manual dexterity who, from the age of twelve to thirteen, have been trained partly in the schools and partly in the mills. Probably the reply will be: half time is accompanied with so many disadvantages that what we should now prefer would be its abolition, but with a lowering of the age of total exemption from school attendance. Under the Factory Acts employment at full time upon attaining a certain standard of education or number of attendances in each of five years, may begin at the age of thirteen. Employers might prefer to give up the year of half-time from twelve to thirteen, as fixed by Mr. Robson's Bill, and adopt the latter year as the age when any child might begin to work full time. Something like this has already taken place in France where half-time has practically ceased to exist; and in Germany too children may go into factories on attaining the age of thirteen. But on whatever age employers might succeed in compromising, their general inclination will be to have done with half-time. They see it disappearing from amongst their rivals in trade, and their tendency nowadays is all towards fearing the successful competition of their rivals' methods, and imitating them under the sheer compulsion of self-defence.

There remains the most interesting phase of the half-time controversy—the value of the combination of factory and school work as a principle of education in competition with an improved system of purely school education conducted up to the period when work must begin. Has it sufficient vitality, and is it of such educative influence, that it ought to be retained in spite of whatever industrial drawbacks may accompany it? The root idea of the advocates of half-time as an educational theory is one it is impossible not to agree with; that the value of education chiefly lies in its training; and

development of the faculties which will have to be exercised in the future life of the pupil, in discipline, and the cultivation of steady habits of application to one's future occupation. They believe rightly that education in our elementary schools runs too much to book subjects, to the acquiring of more or less useful or useless information which dissipates itself without bearing directly upon the character, or laying a good foundation of intelligence for higher industrial teaching. It is not impatience with educating workpeople, but with educating them in the wrong way; and they maintain that the conjunction of work in the factory supplies the only possible corrective to the defects of present school teaching; and is the only way for children to learn to work while their school education is going on. That is precisely where we disagree; but not because we minimise the importance of training in manual dexterity, nor because we shudder, as some oversensitive natures do, at the mention of the factory. Though children themselves are not the best judges of what is best for them, even collier lads rejoice at leaving the school to begin work in the mines. They are the only real obscurantists in education left who maintain boldly that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them. Factories are not, and properly appointed schools are, the places where good all-round training should and could be given. The supporters of half-time may suppose they are in the line of all sympathisers with working people who are also educationists, from Jean-Jacques Rousseau and earlier, who have contended for the union of handicraft with literary education. But children's work in factories, whatever may be the advantages of punctuality, regulation and order there imposed upon them, is drudgery and not education in handicraft. It is too often merely the monotonous performance of a stupefying task. In these days of machinery much of the work of the adult operative is not more stimulating to the man's faculties. In all occupations, indeed, mere professional education has always been considered narrowing, and not desirable to be entered upon too young. The higher classes secure their children against this danger by public school and university education. Surely the object of those who really wish to see a good foundation of training laid for the children of working people, so far as the exigencies of their position allow, is to aim at introducing the moral methods and humanistic training of the public schools. There neither cramming with information, nor half-time teaching of the scholar's future profession, is the aim of the teacher. The development of character is the object of all the teaching, the cultivation of the strength and graces of the body, the discipline, self-control, and intelligence which are the accompaniments of well-organised physical exercises and games, all under the direction and permeated by the influence of a body of masters who produce their greatest effects by being gentlemen and not encyclopedias of knowledge acquired for examination purposes. That ideal can be realised to a much greater extent than it is at present in our elementary schools. It would be more economical on the literary side than the wasteful half-time system, and it would accomplish much more effectually the practical object of turning out children capable by real education of becoming accomplished workmen.

#### THE ROAD.

THE period of the Crimean war may be said to have bisected the history of driving clubs. That exclusive and merry body the Bensington Driving Club—not the Bedfont as some have it, nor the Beaufort as others have translated the famous initials B. D. C.—outlived its smaller rivals the Four Horse and Richmond Clubs, but died about 1854. Some five years later arose our Four-in-Hand Driving Club, twenty-seven of whose members turned out on Wednesday last, and before twenty years had passed the less exclusive Coaching Club came into existence and is still flourishing. Between the old clubs and the new there is this difference. The old school not only belonged to a club, but they drove stage coaches as often as they could, whereas

the clubmen of to-day leave the modern stage coaches severely alone, at least the majority do. The Earl of Ancaster, it is true, has been seen at work on the Dorking road; Captain Spicer is this season a partner in the Brighton Nimrod coach—as smartly turned out as any coach of olden times; Mr. Reginald Hargreaves ran on the Portsmouth road; the late Duke of Beaufort was instrumental in reviving the Brighton road in 1866 as he had nursed it to the last with George Clark. The Duke of Fife when Lord Macduff was a partner in the Dorking coach, Mr. Phipps ran the Sportsman, and there are one or two other instances but not many, for the men of position of to-day prefer to keep themselves to themselves, and to drive to Hurlingham, Barn Elms and the races on their own drags.

When stage coaching was revived in 1866 it was quite a craze with those who could drive, and men of the highest social position took to running well-appointed coaches for the fun of the thing. Mr. Charles Lawrie, "Cherry" Angell, so called from the colour of his racing jacket; Mr. Chandos Pole and his brother Mr. Chandos Pole Gell, "Handsome" Meek, Colonel Stracey Clitherow, Lord Kenlis, Lord Bective, Sir Henry de Bathe, Colonel Withington, Lord Norreys, Colonel Tyrwhitt, and Captain Cooper are only a few of the good men who set coaching on its legs again. The time, however, came when one by one they deserted the road, and their places were not taken by those of like social position. To some it may sound snobbish to lay much stress upon the social status of a coach proprietor; but it is fashionable patronage which makes an amusement popular. Neither trotting nor pony racing has been taken up in England by the same class of people as patronise the Turf, with the result that both are in the cold shade of neglect and likely to remain there. Little by little the stage coaches came into the hands of horse-dealers and jobmasters—it was the late James Selby and Major Dixon who first set on foot the subscription coach as we now know it, and on the whole they did a good deal of harm to the institution known as "the road." That this was so is an undoubted fact, though it need not have been the necessary result, for in olden times the best of amateurs were willing enough to support coaches run by professionals; then they were run by no one else, for the amateurs never troubled themselves with the details of coach-owning until they had to do it for a living, in truth they were broken down gentlemen before they became coachmen or quasi-proprietors.

Unfortunately a certain slanginess overtook stage coaching when its best supporters had forsaken it. A certain number of subscribers were men whose money was their chief recommendation, and the few of the road's old patrons who took an occasional journey by coach just to see how things were getting on fled away never to return when they had seen. The strictest punctuality was always a cardinal virtue of the coachman professional or amateur, and in older days the sound of "Oh dear! What can the matter be?" played by the guard of some coach—which was in the language of the road "up to time," was a chaffing reproach to someone who had lost time by the way. No less particular were the promoters of the coaching revival; but of recent years there has been a growing disregard of time with a few exceptions. No one, for example, ever knew Mr. Shoolbred during all the years he held the Guildford road to be one minute late at either end; while the Brighton Comet under Mr. Freeman and his friends was invariably punctual, and there are sundry other coaches which are not offenders. The usual reason of unpunctuality is not to be the less regretted than the unpunctuality itself—the time wasted at the places where the horses are changed. Coaches used more or less for advertising purposes, again, have done no good to the road, while one or two other matters which it is not necessary to mention have alienated patronage which in other circumstances would have been forthcoming. This year, however, a great improvement has taken place. Captain Spicer, after having run his coach in Wiltshire for a while, has, in conjunction with Captain Hamilton, taken over the Brighton road, which is now worked in a business-like manner and with every atten-

tion to detail. Quick changes and strict time are the rule, while the Comet under Captain Steeds which runs to Brighton on the days on which the Nimrod runs up is also run on proper lines, and people are ready enough to travel by either. These and one or two other coaches have set an example which the remainder of the proprietors have felt bound to follow, so matters are looking up. The road is now of course but a business of pleasure, yet it would be a great pity were stage coaching even in its modern form to fall into abeyance. People who go abroad or make long trips in search of scenery have no idea of what there is to see within a radius of five and twenty miles round London, for although the metropolis and all provincial towns are increasing enormously, there are still spots exempt from building operations. It would, too, be a matter for regret if like the varnishing of violins on the old recipe, the driving of four horses in coachmanlike style should become a lost art, as it probably would be were the commercial side of the road to be lost sight of. Some of the old coachmen have lived long enough to impart to younger men the niceties of their art, and these again hand on the old traditions to their disciples, and teach them to avoid those "ungainly clawings" which were not unknown even in the old days.

#### THE MARVEL OF GUIPÚZCOA.\*

REMOTE from railways and townships, nestling in a green valley of the Spanish Basques, a calm and majestic sanctuary invites the homage of every traveller who has had his fill of humdrum sights. It is the Santa Casa de Loyola, acclaimed as "the Marvel of Guipúzcoa," where the dread Society of Jesus has maintained during two centuries a living monument at the birthplace of S. Ignatius. Here is the heart whose subtle influences, pulsing throughout the world, have shaken kings upon their thrones, electrified nations, and arrested the course of triumphant armies. Well may it attract pilgrims from every quarter of the globe, inspire miraculous legends, and acquire a sanctity surpassed by few of the most hallowed shrines. Each year, in the month of July, a vast concourse is attracted in pilgrimage by the celebration of the Saint's day, and at other seasons a steady stream, alike of idlers and devotees, bears witness to the fascination which the Jesuit's atmosphere of mystery has always exercised upon mankind. Probably the most famous assemblage in the recent history of Loyola was that which attended the election, a few years since, of a new General of the Society. Known as "the black Pope," he is, on the whole, a more important personage than the white Pontiff of the Vatican, inspiring greater dread and wielding a wider influence throughout Christendom. He commands a capital larger than that of many prosperous States and devotes it all to the perfection of the infinite ramifications of all the multifarious schemes which tend to the glorification of the subtle society.

The last halting-place before Loyola is Azpeitia, a busy townlet whose whitewashed houses and repeated rows of balconies, typical Basque homes, recall in a far-off way the prim chalets of Helvetia. Here in the summer-time an army of shoemakers seems incessantly at work, crouching outside every door, each the replica of his neighbour in dress and racial type. Beside him is a mound of material, and he stitches feverishly at the rough sheepskin sandal, which has been worn in Guipúzcoa beyond the memory of Basque and which adheres, it is said, to a Roman pattern. Soon, amid a cloud of dust, the inn at Loyola is reached, an immense and venerable pile breathing a monastic atmosphere, and reflecting the sanctity of the Holy House hard by. On every wall are pious images with conspicuous placards to interdict profanity. The ecclesiastical magnificence is imposing, with broad halls and long re-echoing vaultlike corridors. The bedrooms, too, are large and severe, glistening from constant coats of whitewash, and adorned with many emblems of the faith. All night long the bells of the adjoining

monastery peal through the clear air and remind the wakeful traveller of the perennial orisons around him.

As with a bright jewel in a glorious setting, the marvels of the monastery are heightened by its site. Walled in by precipitous mountains, which seem to bar the rude gaze of the outer world, standing in a broad and fertile valley, an oasis amid a wilderness of rocks, Loyola inspires by the majesty of its seclusion and the happiness of its repose. Before it are beds of brilliant flowers and rows of quince trees; and the sense of security is made emphatic by the absence of hedges, fences, gates, or any other enclosure. The monastery was built as an envelope and shield for the Holy House, which was the birthplace of the Saint and the ancestral manor of his race. This is the real object of pilgrimage as well as of the care and veneration of the resident Jesuits. It is a lofty edifice of time-worn red brick, a type of the feudal castles of Guipúzcoa, with the first story higher than the other two together, presenting a fantastic shape which suggests a petrified haystack. On the upper floor we find that the chamber of the Saint has now been turned into a chapel. It is an old room, with a low ceiling, and in his day was doubtless of soldierly simplicity; now it is gay with rich red brocades and full of priceless ornaments. Chief among the relics are a finger of S. Ignatius, treasured in a reliquary upon the breast of his statue, and the chalice used at the first mass of S. Francis Borgia, a kinsman of the bad Borgias and one of the most eminent of the converts of Loyola. The other rooms also are nearly all dedicated to sacred service; lamps and incense are burning everywhere by night and day; even the little stables have been enriched with altars and gilded carvings.

The adjoining monastery and churches seem modern in comparison, but the entrance to the Sanctuary is imposing with its long rows of marble steps, marble lions, balustrades, and the statue of the founder in the centre, while the stately dome seems an echo of the majesty of Rome. The chapel is perhaps oppressive with its heavy black marbles and profuse gilding, but satisfies Spanish ecclesiastical taste. The left wing of the building has been left unfinished and thus bears testimony to the expulsion of the Jesuits by Charles III. when they were engaged upon its construction. On the right wing is the college with a fine old staircase flanked by statues of the saints.

Among the chief charms of Loyola must certainly be reckoned the acquaintance of the Jesuit fathers, who have all their traditional charm with none of their traditional inspiration of mistrust. And many old prejudices are swept away by the sight of the merry, babbling boys, whose shrill voices and high spirits are not muffled by any moroseness of the atmosphere or any terror of their mysterious masters. We are made welcome at once and conducted with all affability through a very labyrinth of corridors, where novices rarely fail to lose themselves. The endless white passages, stretching away in every direction as far as the eye can reach, bring home to us the austerity of the rule more vividly than volumes, and the names of the fathers, from every quarter of the civilised globe, inscribed upon the doors of the successive cells, proclaim and impress the catholicity of this stupendous organisation.

Marvellous indeed and incomparable is the Society of Jesus, a standing miracle of human nature, establishing the militant saintship of Ignatius more convincingly than any Roman form of canonisation. Where else may men of genius and action be moulded to minute mechanical subjection even for the loftiest purposes? In other spheres the greater the zeal the greater generally is the ambition to reap the fruits thereof. Here none cherishes any ambition save for the advancement of the Society; though all are volunteers, yet do they welcome a discipline beside which the Prussian army were anarchical; boundless in his devotion, each is eager to offer up not only life and soul and strength, but, hardest of all, an infinitely cultivated mind to be used as pawns in the game of a corporation. Self-sacrifice splendid in its danger. Well may we place Ignatius among the most interesting figures in history. The very essence of his age, yet how supremely he soared above

\* "Saint Ignatius of Loyola." By Henri Joly. Translated by Mildred Partridge. London: Duckworth. 1899.

it. As a young cavalier, he was the flower of his flock, fearless and reproachless beyond his peers, who all were brave and true. See him at the Castle, now Holy House, of Loyola, punctilious about his armour and his doublets as about his code of honour; gay and charming with all ladies, but "most perfect gentile knight" of one, whose badge he bore; lightly burthened by schooling, as became a man of action, but clever and sentimental enough to appreciate "Amadis of Gaul." See him in the headlong charge which relegated him to a sick-bed in his own upper chamber at the Castle, healing his soul while the surgeons experimented with his wounded body. "Thorough" was his motto no less than that of our Strafford, and he entered upon religion with all the wild zeal of a convert,—with all the romance of his time and of his late profession. He was for setting out at once for Jerusalem upon his poor lame feet; he picked a quarrel with a Moor over the sanctity of the Blessed Virgin and would have killed him but for supernatural intervention; he kept his vigil in arms through a long night at the monastery of Montserrat; he fasted inordinately, sometimes for seven days at a stretch, until there were fears for his reason; realising the imperfection of his education, he was the first to recognise his own shortcomings and impose the penance of a four years' course at the Paris University. There, as a nobleman who had himself elected the livery of a beggar, he was mocked and misunderstood. Teaching religion, morals and such arts of life without authority he became suspect and was more than once arrested by the Inquisition. But always, in every difficulty, in every false position, his ready tact and saintly suavity overcame all obstacles. Even before he was endowed with any extrinsic authority, his character and personal influence attracted disciples who freely offered him recognition as an apostle.

Loyola at eventide must linger longest among our memories of happiness and peace. As the lengthening shadows steal through the gardens and a golden glow illuminates the western walls of the Santa Casa, burnishing the old red brick until it seems to live again, we may almost carry our souls back some centuries and dream amid a glorious past, which, being dead, yet speaketh; and the homely rural sounds, the tinkling of the cowbells at the return from pasture, raise a pastoral angelus which forms a fitting choir to the sweet penetrating melody of the vesper peal. Nature, at this holy hour, pauses before she yields herself to the sacred mystery of sleep; the followers of Ignatius meditate before they turn from the toils of the day to the pious exercises of their night-watches: and it is meet that nature's pause and the meditations of good men should alike be dedicated to silent prayer.

#### IN THE JUNE WOODS.

"O June, O June that we desire so,  
Wilt thou not make us happy on this day?"

WITH these lines of William Morris Mrs. Brightwen in a new volume\* heads her chapter on the wild life of the most delicious month in the year. She writes naturally and pleasantly enough of the hoverer fly (*Syrphus plomosus*) which at this time of year may be seen suspended on quivering wing in wood and field—a windhover of the insect world—of the flax and other thousand things, animate and inanimate, that tell truly that summer has come. "The practice," says Mrs. Brightwen, "of putting down the results of each day's ramble, making notes of things seen or obtained, the first appearance of birds and insects, the flowering of trees and plants, will result in the course of a few months in a record possessing a certain value." The field naturalist is indeed bound to keep a careful record of his observations, if he desires to communicate them orally or in writing to others, the unassisted memory being very treacherous where Nature's delicate details are concerned. But he had better not keep a record at all unless he makes his notes on the spot, or in the evening soon after his rambles are over. White's and

Markwick's natural history calendars, which we are never tired of poring over and comparing with our own much more meagre ones spread over a number of years, are of perpetual value and interest, being, we all feel sure, faithfully kept from day to day: the true field naturalist, who omitted by carelessness or sloth to write down his experiences on the days when each one occurred, might well confess with the Emperor, "My friends, I have lost a day."

June has a way of coming in with a rush, and this year it has been pre-eminently so. We seemed to pass from spring to summer in a single day. The splendid profusion of the first fortnight of June may have struck many people more this season even than last, when the month opened in the South of England with a rather cold and unattractive day. The prodigality of early June is noticeable not so much in insect as in plant and bird life. Late May and early June have some pretty insects, such as the two bright little pearl-bordered fritillaries which sun themselves on the coppice flowers, the azure or holly blue, the orange tip, the green hair-streak, and in certain localities (that shall not be named) the much scarcer wood white; but June is not the true butterfly month by any means. The first fortnight of this month is the most eventful period of bird life in South of England woods and coppices in all the year. Then it is that the nightingale, blackcap, garden warbler, whitethroat, lesser whitethroat, willow wren, wood wren, chiff-chaff, and other migratory birds, are exuberantly full of sound and animation. Except in forward seasons incubation is at this time still occupying all their energies, and when there is that there is incessant song and movement. When June passes its meridian the birds which comprise this beautiful group have for the most part hatched and in many cases even got off their young, and then the woods sink gradually into the silence which marks the heats of summer. To see the woods at their bird-best you must make, before the nightingales have hatched their young, for the thick, but not high, underwood of the hazel and ash and oak coppices with their undergrowth of bramble and bracken just shooting forth and of clinging goose grass; and the 1st of June is a better day in ordinary years for your purpose than, say, the 10th, for on the former day you will probably find the bird life of the warblers, the *Silviidae*, at its full tide. Rare birds attract many of us far more than common ones, no matter how well the latter sing and build their nests. To discover the marsh warbler or the melodious willow warbler nesting, to even catch a glimpse of the woodchat shrike or the exquisite blue throat—what a great experience that would be! Now the woodland warblers mentioned above cannot be called scarce in the South of England east of Devonshire: in many of our woods they happily abound every season, and yet we can never come to look upon them as common birds. The familiarity of their songs never breeds contempt, to find their nests with eggs is always a delight, to watch their movements in copse and thicket is usually to be rewarded by some new discovery. Thus it was only the other day that we saw for the first time nightingales repeatedly flying out of a hedgerow and capturing flies in the air like a spotted flycatcher; that we found a chiff-chaff uttering with regularity between its familiar note so loosely and wrongly described as "chiff-chaff, chiff-chaff," a faint little linnet-like sound; that we listened to a lesser whitethroat every now and then quickly trebling her petulant "chat, chat, chat" protest as, caterpillar in bill, she searched in the hedge for her scattered, fully fledged young. These may or may not be already recorded facts, but in any case they are not of the kind that any true lover and student of the *Silviidae* would desire to miss observing for himself.

Perhaps the least attractive of these warblers is the common whitethroat, which is rather a demonstrative than a retiring species, and on the whole seems more at home in the hedge by the dusty roadside than in the depth of the thick wood. The other warblers are no doubt also to be seen in comparatively exposed and public spots, and the nightingale, if undisturbed, will sing and even nest in garden and shrubbery; but it has always seemed to us that the wood is the true home of this superb bird, as also of the blackcap, garden warbler and wood wren during the nesting period:

\* "Rambles with Nature Students." By E. Brightwen. (Religious Tract Society.)

surely they have received a good name in *Silviade*. In spite of loose statements to the contrary by that pleasant, but not always, we fear, very trustworthy ornithologist, Morris, and by other writers, these summer warblers do not, except possibly in rare cases, bring up more than one brood of young during the season: and apparently no sooner are their young hatched than the male birds cease to sing. If only the nightingale, the blackcap and the garden warbler sang on through July and August, how greatly should we be regaled by their melodies on the burning, silent days of intense summer! These three species form an exquisite trio in the yet fresh woods of the first part of June. The nightingale is first of course, and there can only be rivalry between nightingale and nightingale, the birds really seeming at times to challenge and sing against one another. But the blackcap and the garden warbler are worth listening to many times a day in quiet and untroudden spots in woodland and spinney. The blackcap has perhaps the purest notes of all three, and his wild rambling songs are as lovely as Shelley's lyrics. The garden warbler, like the blackcap, is capable of more sustained bursts of melody than the nightingale, but his song is somewhat hurried and his notes perhaps a little less pure. The songs of the blackcap and garden warbler have not ceased long on the June evening before the fascinating whirr of the nightjar comes from the oaks. Then by-and-bye, if the wood at any point touches the river-side, there is the night song of the sedge warbler. It is quite a mistake to suppose that this little bird only sings a few snatches after dark. On the contrary the sedge warbler will sing for upwards of an hour at a stretch—with of course a few breathing spaces—setting up sometimes near midnight, and at others just before the first flicker of dawn, the twilight of the June morning. This bird is a wonderful performer, and one we heard singing by a Test tributary the other night over and over again gave specimens of sparrow, chaffinch, even of nightingale song. The pageant of the summer woods—to borrow from the title of Jefferies' masterpiece—is far from being ended when the songs of the *Silviade* are over: there are indeed many more good things, if not good songs, to come. Still we cannot but notice that about the time the wood warblers grow silent there is a lessening of that immense vigour which Nature expends on the woods when the month of the wild rose is young.

#### L'ART NOUVEAU.

THE Grafton Gallery is filled with an exhibition under this rather alarming title. The catalogue tells us, in a language that strives not to be outdone by the art, "L'Art Nouveau besides its essential aim—the re-creation, through its own contributions, of the ornamental treatment of dwellings—has set itself the task of bringing to light every manifestation within the sphere of modern art that exemplifies the needs of contemporary life." The gasping character of this programme is explained by what follows. "Two such manifestations, whose fame has already found its echo in this country, appear to-day to comprehensively reveal their many beauties to the public of Great Britain." The manifestations are the glass of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany of New York and the bronzes of M. Constantin Meunier of Brussels. The needs of contemporary life are further exemplified by a miscellaneous collection of pictures, prints, drawings.

Stripped of such terrifying verbiage *L'Art Nouveau* is a gallery in Paris founded by the well-known dealer in Japanese art Mr. S. Bing, and containing furniture and bibelots of the Arts and Crafts order, paintings, etchings, and so forth, some good, some bad, some shockingly bad. The Grafton Gallery collection gives but a limited idea of the scope of this bazaar, which includes a good deal of English work as well as of French and Belgian variations on English ideas. The only example of these performances exhibited here is a quantity of very slackly designed jewellery.

Taking the things as they come we are first shown a large collection of Mr. Tiffany's glass. "Of an idealistic temperament, the young man at first devoted

his youthful ardour to the study of painting. The refined feeling which that art instils into its votaries was, with him, displayed in a passionate enthusiasm for colour—rich and luminous colour." So begins the rhapsodist of the catalogue and goes on to tell us that "exploring the depths of a far distant and glorious past, Tiffany dreamed a dream of Art for the Future; in the fossilised remains of our ancient patrimony were revealed to him the primordial principles that live for all time." This catalogue has an awful fascination for me, the jam-like splendours of its diction swell as it proceeds, and to quote would give no bad idea of what the Tiffany manifestation is like; on the other hand Tiffany blows out, as one reads, into a brittle and nacreous being, like a dream of Edward Lear's, far and few in some land of the Jumbies where heads are green and hands are blue and the Bong-Tree shadows the Quangle-Wangle.

Mr. Tiffany's glass is of various kinds, mosaic, stained window-glass, ornamental pots, lamp-shades and the like. His procedures are certainly most ingenious and in the hands of a designer of taste might provide the material for beautiful combinations. With Mr. Tiffany's own taste or that of the designers associated with him I am seldom in agreement. One may pass rapidly over the examples of mosaic for chimney-pieces and panels in churches; all this is poor stuff. The stained glass for windows is more interesting. I do not know exactly to what extent Mr. Tiffany has the credit of the new procedures here. From the catalogue one would gather that the idea of superposing one thickness of glass over another was his invention, but it is my impression that Mr. John LaFarge was the original man and that Mr. Tiffany has been rather the active exploiter of the idea. Mr. LaFarge's work has not been seen on this side of the Atlantic, so we have no means of judging of the measure of inventiveness due to either. In the examples at the Grafton the making up of a window is an elaborate business. Greater thicknesses of glass and larger pieces are employed than in ancient work. The pieces are cunningly clouded, striated, and rumpled, and from the half designed, half accidental effects obtained in the furnace, sections are picked out to represent corresponding effects in the picture. The markings in the glass itself are helped out by a system of modelling by leads fixed behind to stop out the light (this instead of the old procedure of painting to stop out light), and tone is deepened or colour varied by fixing second slabs of glass behind the first. These procedures are employed in some of the designs shown to produce pictures in semi-realistic tone. It would be a mistake to judge the convention and the process from artless work like the memorial window with groups of children. The technical ingenuity displayed in this might conceivably be turned to good purpose, and Mr. Brangwyn's two designs, disagreeable as they are in many respects, show that results might be attained if realism were not pursued with the puerile seriousness of the former example. The best panel is one representing fish in water, an effect such as one sees in a translucent aquarium. Another with a hint of beauty is pieced out with translucent pebbles. I am inclined to think that for small panels in darkish corners this sophisticated glass might be used with charming effect, the designer having the sense to let the substance show off its own beauties as marble does, and not worrying it into an unduly close likeness to things on earth. The effect must be sensual rather than intellectual. The half-translucent alabaster slabs at San Miniato are an old example of the charm of light creeping thus through a thick clouded substance.

Mr. Tiffany has further experimented in producing designs of feather-like form on glass pots by adding colour at regular points in the act of inflating the glass. Along with this line of experiment he has developed effects of iridescence with an eye to the lovely results of decay on ancient glass buried in the earth. The feather-like and flower-like designs are very curious indeed, but nothing more than scientific toys, and the iridescence on these pots is of an angry, coppery hue that to my eye is not pleasant. Here again, and to sum up, we find an interesting technical research which an artist might be able to control to some purpose. Art in

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these opalescent terms would always nearly neighbour debauch of the eye, and it remains doubtful in this last branch how far the debauch would be pleasurable.

M. Meunier's art is on a very different level. Its only novelty is that he has given to modern sculpture an unusual dose of illustration. Meunier is Millet-Rodin. The blunt strongly characterised figures that Millet discovered in the fields and aggrandised, Meunier has translated into the miners and puddlers of the Belgian black country. In like fashion he has gone to Rodin for his system of modelling. But his measure of original observation and feeling is great enough to give the amalgam a new existence. The gaunt and bony colliery horse, the glass-blower, and half a dozen other types are well and strongly seen. It is the disadvantage of so large and closely packed a collection as Mr. Bing has brought together that the differences of scale make all the statuettes look uncomfortable, and the differences of quality injure the whole on a first view, but this room with its statuettes and drawings is worth giving some time to.

In a further gallery are a number of pictures of recent schools. The Monets arrest attention for a moment; and there is a charming example of Madame Morizot. But a surprise of the exhibition is in the little gallery at the very end. Here along with Japanese prints by masters now become familiar in the West, is a set of Persian water-colour drawings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The delicacy and charm of these little pieces is extraordinary. Their drawing recalls the contemporary work of Gentile Bellini. They are coloured with the simplicity of illumination and mounted on beautifully figured papers like those sometimes found in old bindings. Among them are portraits, figures of dancers and little "conversations" delicious in their still composition, clear delineation, and sparse detail.

An admirable idea of Mr. Bing's was the commission he gave to Mr. Charles Conder to paint a set of silk panels and curtains for a small boudoir. These are among the objects at the Grafton, and they ought to launch their author as an exquisite decorator in London. Along with the later work from the same hand at Messrs. Carfax's in Ryder Street they attest one of those rare natures, under whose fingers whenever they move loveliness and the breath of poetry are carelessly and certainly born. "Lo here! and lo there! is Decoration" sounds in our ears on all sides, and school children are learning to grind out the peevish tiresome stuff. Here is the man who can put three colours together so that they are Spring to the eyes, and set his marionettes in strange countries that are like a regret, a desire, the scent of a flower, the pain of a song.

D. S. M.

## FROM DELIUS TO DOLMETSCH.

IT seemed difficult enough last week to form anything like a definite opinion on the music of Mr. Delius; and now it seems nearly impossible. On the one hand there was revealed to us at the Delius concert a composer of singularly high gifts, possessing a technique equal to that of any other composer living; on the other, it could not be denied that much of his music struck strangely and harshly on the ear, that much of it appeared to misrepresent his poetic intention, that much of it again seemed to represent nothing, to be quite inexpressive and devoid of beauty, mere meaningless noise. That these things are actually so I do not care to affirm: it would be entirely ridiculous if I, or any other critic, were to attempt a final judgment on music so complicated after only one or two hearings. A few things, however, are quite certain. Every bar of Mr. Delius' music shows high musicianship, an astonishing mastery of notes, and a degree of vital energy quite as astonishing. Again, the scheme of each composition, and certain of the themes of each, and their treatment, show an unmistakably poetic cast of mind. Whether he succeeds or not, Mr. Delius always wishes to express an emotion, or to give us some distinctive poetic atmosphere. He never degrades music as Strauss does. Strauss' "Thus spake Zarathustra" and Delius' "Mitternachts-Lied" from "Thus spake Zarathustra" almost invite comparison. But, artistically, and colloquially, no comparison between the two works is

possible: Strauss is supernaturally, diabolically, clever; but when one has said that, one has said all. Delius is also supernaturally, diabolically, clever; but there remains a great deal more to be said. His music is fine music throughout; he has got a true atmosphere; he rises for moments to a rare beauty. He also descends for moments to an ugliness which is simply abominable to my ears. I can only compare some portions of the thing to a half-developed photograph which needs a mysterious acid poured over it to take away the horrible muddy shadows and leave the picture clear and definite. I do not mean that I want the pervading feeling of night taken out of the work; I do mean that I want the mud, or the fog, cleared away. There are passages which sounded as though they had by accident been scored an octave too low; others again suggested that, in consequence of the band-parts having got mixed, the tubas were playing from E flat horn parts. Of course this is the sort of criticism once passed on "Tristan" and "The Mastersingers;" and Mr. Delius' music may grow clearer to me when it is played again. But of one thing I am certain (though this also may appear a reminiscence of the ancient criticism of Wagner): Mr. Delius treats the human voice in a way that is simply inhuman. Mr. Douglas Powell set himself a terrible task when he undertook the baritone solo of the "Mitternachts-Lied." Some passages are far too high for any baritone, some far too low; and not enough use is made of the expressive middle register. If anyone were to write half as badly for the tubas as Mr. Delius has written for the voice, Mr. Delius would be the first to condemn him. Still, in spite of all these defects, the music is in its way singularly noble and convincing. The symphonic poem "The dance goes on" is not so fine either in idea or execution. The pieces written for the Norwegian play "Folkeraadet" are healthy, energetic stuff, far too good for any theatre. The legend played by Mr. John Dunn is second-rate. As for the selection from the opera "Koanga," I have little to add to what I said last week. All the music is alive, essentially modern, full of present-day restlessness and fever. I longed for one long sweeping melody, such as Wagner knew quite well how and when to write. But just now I feel the irrelevance and uncertainty of this criticism. Were not Mr. Delius a composer one should not, and dare not, overlook or even seem to overlook, I would have preferred to write nothing about him until I attend the first performance of his opera in (I believe) Breslau.

Mr. Dolmetsch's concert on Wednesday made a strange contrast to the rumpus and modernity of Tuesday evening. We had been brought right up to date, had been made to toe the line as the clock struck high noon and the present day sun poured blindingly down on us. Mr. Dolmetsch took us back into the cool twilight of a far-away past; to a period when men had time to do what they liked, even if they lacked the will; to the time that was before the first locomotive ran over and killed the sweet young god of leisure as well as Mr. Huskisson, and not a newspaper noted the really significant accident; to a time that never was as we imagine it. But at least it was a time free from dust, and smoke, and telegraph wires, and penny omnibuses, and railway trains, and many of the things that make life so hideous now and hurry us into our graves before most of us perceive that we live. Its leisure and exemption from acute worries and from nerves may be felt in all its music. Were Purcell to come back, with the same ideas and feelings as he had when he quitted the world, he could not, in London at least, write such music as he wrote in the seventeenth century—unless perhaps the Temple authorities were to surrender to him the whole of Fountain Court. If he lived again in Westminster the first day of the racket of omnibuses and hansom would drive him to drink, the second to the mad-house, the third back to the other world. There is a divine peace in the music of the old men; one feels it departing in Mozart; in Beethoven—in spite of his deafness—it is all but gone; and the locomotive and telegraph have gone to the creating of the fever of Wagner's music and the hysteria of Tschaikowsky's. The spirit of the world's ancient peace is on the ancient music. If ever music is going to cure diseases and empty all our

hospitals and ruin the doctors, it will be such music as Mr. Dolmetsch gives us: the Wood, or even the Richter, band would merely result in the transfer of patients from the hospital to the nearest lunatic asylum. After two or three Wagner nights at Covent Garden, a Dolmetsch concert always soothes me; and after the Delius night it seemed positively restorative. Last week's entertainment was quite one of the best Mr. Dolmetsch has given his supporters (and, by the way, it is highly pleasing to find that the numbers of his supporters, or at least his subscribers, have largely increased). Perhaps the best thing was the Bach harpsichord concerto. Bach himself arranged this concerto for the violin, and Ysaye had played it divinely at Queen's Hall a day or two before; Mr. Wood's orchestra had accompanied Ysaye with marvellous delicacy; and it seemed impossible that anything could sound more lovely. In the hands of the Dolmetsches it sounded no more lovely, but its loveliness was of a different quality: it was the loveliness of the ancient world as against an entirely modern loveliness. The violin is an old instrument now; but it has, like the human voice, remained young. As voices decay fresh singers spring up; but the violin renews its youth from day to day, from hour to hour—it is always ultra-modern. The harpsichord, on the other hand, speaks with the voice of the dead centuries; if one loses interest in and forgets the music, the mere tones of it carry one into a far-away past: a single chord struck out of it will carry one into a far-away past. In the Bach concerto it was impossible to forget for a moment the music; but with Bach's voice, with the utterance of Bach's private feelings, came as it were an echo of the voices of the eighteenth-century market place. Some people, I know, hear this echo so clearly that they cannot listen to Bach or any other composer when the harpsichord is played: harpsichord or indeed clavichord music affords them solely a literary pleasure. And I must admit this weakness to be difficult to overcome. Just as a sudden blown odour of flowers may carry one instantly back to one's early days, so that one impolitely pays no attention to the friend who is talking, so the tone of the old instruments, in the first moment of surprise—for it is always new—sweeps one almost helplessly off into the bygone time. But when that weakness is mastered there is a singular pleasure in hearing the two voices together, the voice of the composer and the voice of his century. That pleasure I got almost as much from Miss Kutnitzky's singing of the "Erbarme dich" as from the concerto. The song has been more passionately sung; but it was strangely coloured by the viols and organ of the accompaniment. It is unnecessary to discuss the other items of the programme; I have often discussed them before and nothing fresh can be said. But I may again point out the absolute necessity of hearing the old music nowadays. An artist who knew no painting earlier than Turner's, a literary man who had read no further back than Shelley, would be laughed at. But our modern musicians are proud of knowing little and caring less for any music before Beethoven. Everyone who would not be reckoned illiterate, even within the bounds of his own art, must hear the old music as it was intended to be rendered, that is, as Mr. Dolmetsch renders it.

J. F. R.

#### TWO VERY DIFFERENT THINGS.

I CANNOT imagine a wider contrast than there is between the two plays I have seen this week. The one is by a man who has obviously a feeling for drama in general and for the modern theatre in particular; who conceives life instinctively as a sharp series of "situations," and mankind as a crowd of showy types; who troubles himself not at all about abstract ideas nor about intricacies of human character; whose one aim, indeed, is to tell a stage-story. Knowing all the tricks of the trade, and having a great natural store of racy humour and racy pathos, he fulfils his aim easily and admirably. But the writer of the other play is quite another kind of person. Though he has (in my sense of the word) dramatic sense, he has no sense at all for the modern theatre, and his technique, laboriously learnt of Ibsen, is a constant worry to him. His

aim is to express an abstract idea through the workings of realised human character. He stumbles and fumbles and is tedious, but at length, through sheer force of sincerity, he triumphs. He triumphs in a medium for which he has no natural aptitude, and despite the lack of any by-advantages except brain-power. Of humour, for instance, he has very little, and that little is crude and heavy. He writes badly, too. His characters speak in sentences that are all a-bristle with subordinate clauses and strained metaphors—sentences that cannot be spoken naturally. I am amused to find that the poor dear dramatic critics, condemning the unnaturalness of the dialogue, have called it "very graceful from a literary point of view," "pleasant to read but not to hear," and all the rest of it. As a matter of fact, the writing has no literary quality at all: the sentences are clumsy in construction, without any rhythm, utterly dull and undistinguished. I do not suppose that the writer wished to be graceful; he wished to write naturally, and perhaps, in time, he will learn to do so. Meanwhile, his writing is the worst of all those faults in despite of which he triumphs.

The first of these two plays is "The Cowboy and the Lady," by Mr. Clyde Fitch; the second is Mr. Edward Martyn's "Heather Field." The first was produced on Monday night at the Duke of York's; the second on Tuesday afternoon at Terry's. Let me take them in chronological order.

"The Cowboy and the Lady" is called a comedy, and might as well have been called a melodrama. It is neither of these things, but oscillates between the two. Its oscillation seems to have shocked my colleagues. Personally, I am not shocked at all. The law of "*quale ab incepto*" is an arbitrary law. It rests on the assumption that an audience, being first attuned to one kind of emotion, is upset by the later necessity of attuning itself to another. But, as a matter of fact, everything depends on the artist. A skilful dramatist can alternate and intermingle opposite elements in such a way that the audience is not upset by his transitions, and does not feel "How can we shudder when we have just been laughing?" or "How can we laugh when we have just dashed away the not discreditable tear?" A skilful dramatist can evolve from us various emotions without disturbing anyone except professional critics (who have their little first principles and are bound to say something or other). This, I think, is what Mr. Clyde Fitch does. His comedy merges into melodrama, and out of it again, with perfect naturalness. The murder trial in the last act is full of comedy points. Thus, the prisoner-hero (expecting the answer "no," which will tell in his favour) asks the witness-heroine whether she loves him, and when she, after a long pause, replies "I love you with all my heart!" he does not stagger back in a confusion of joy and horror, but beams all round the court, buttons his coat and asks the judge for leave to repeat the question. This is amusing, and yet it does not at all destroy the tensity of the situation. I suspect that this was the point in the play which most arrired Mr. Fitch himself. Perhaps the whole act was written for its sake. Otherwise, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Fitch would have made his last act something else than a murder-trial. A trial on the stage is simply a formal repetition of what the audience already knows. It is effective only when the audience cannot foresee the verdict. In a comedy-melodrama, one knows that the hero will finally be acquitted, and one is not much excited. Moreover, a murder-trial in Colorado seems to be a very poor, unassuming kind of business. One misses that which has often made the dullest stage-trial impressive for us: the awfully measured dignity of the procedure in a French or English court. One tries in vain to think that anything very important can be decided in a bright little room furnished like a school-room, and one feels, anyway, that death would lose half its sting if sentence of it were passed by a good-humoured man in broad-cloth, seated at the teacher's desk and made up after the combined models of Brother Jonathan, Abraham Lincoln and Uncle Sam. Here, in fact, the local colour is against the play. In the other acts, however, the local colour is of great service, and everything goes

very briskly and well. The cake-walk enchanted me, and my joy was unbounded when Mr. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott blithely took an encore. The cake-walk alone should be enough to ensure the success of the play. The tune of the "Honolulu Lady" is very pretty and so simple as to be a souvenir which every member of the audience can carry away with him. By the way, it was a mistake to introduce "I lub a lubly girl, I do." It was a pretty compliment to Mr. Brandon Thomas, whose songs do doubtless re-echo across the ranches; but English people are transported by it to the back drawing-rooms in which it has been so often warbled, and not to any West wilder than Bayswater. However, that is a detail. For the rest, there is plenty of good American humour and interesting slang and strange costumes; and the word "damn" is used so often that the critics of a town in which Mr. Kipling's ballads are regarded as the supreme pinnacle of poetry have been throwing up hands of horror. Altogether, the play is a capital entertainment, and the fun of it is all the greater because half the audience, I am sure, fancies it to be an accurate representation of life as lived in the vicinity of New York City.

It is a pity that Mr. Nat Goodwin has not a part in which he can show the full measure of his powers. I saw him act in America some years ago. I forget what the play was called, but his performance in it is one which I remember very clearly and fondly. The part he is acting now does not, I think, make enough demands on him: it is for him little more than child's play. It could not be acted better, but it could be acted as well by many actors far less greatly gifted than Mr. Goodwin. Miss Maxine Elliott showed such intelligence and skill as would have won her a leading-ladyship even had she been but ordinarily beautiful. As cowboys, Mr. Richard Stirling, Mr. Burr McIntosh and others pleasantly fostered my preconceived illusions of what cowboys are like. But the most fascinating performance was Miss Gertrude Elliott's. Even if she had acted ill, she would have charmed everyone. And her acting was, to the few who care much (or, caring, know much) about the matter, a revelation as rare as it is pleasant: the revelation of a born comedian.

Master Charles Sefton, in the "Heather Field," provided us with another revelation. Before I saw him, I had never seen a child acting. Nobody can be on the stage what he is off it unless he can act: he has to translate his personality into stage-terms, just as he has to paint his face to preserve its colour in the glare of the footlights. Acting is a matter partly of temperament, partly of technique. Ordinary stage-children may, for all I know, have the one, but they certainly have not the other. Consequently, they do not seem like children. On the other hand, they do not seem like grown-up persons. They seem like nothing on the earth, and one feels that the earth would be an even less pleasant place than it is if it did support anything at all like them. So Master Sefton (who, acting with real art, seemed like a real child) is a person in whose career I shall take a fatherly interest. The other members of the cast . . . but I was forgetting: I have as yet only hinted at the kind of thing they had to do. When I read the play in a book, it seemed to me fairly good. When I saw it produced in Dublin, it seemed to me very good indeed. Like all really dramatic plays, it had qualities appreciable only in actual performance on a stage. When I saw it last Tuesday, it seemed to me better still. That, doubtless, was because the play depends not on incident (which becomes less exciting with every repetition) but on an idea and on certain complexities of human character. In the "Heather Field" there are no incidents to speak of. Such external circumstances as there are in it are not of a stimulating kind—drainage, mortgages and so forth. The whole thing has been written strictly for the sake of this idea: that, as the world is constituted, dreamers are dangerous to themselves and to their dependents. And this idea is worked out through the conflict of two opposite characters—the conflict of an idealist and his practical wife. Both these characters have been drawn and developed with intense care; both are very real; and

they were played, last Tuesday, by Mr. Thomas Kingston and Miss May Whitty with earnestness and power. The audience seemed to share my absorption and enthusiasm; but then, it was only an experimental matinée audience. An ordinary audience would yawn and boo, for it cannot tolerate a play which has no running fire of incident, and whose climaxes are merely the moments when two conflicting characters most poignantly reveal themselves. Moreover, the ordinary audience insists on being able to sympathise, wholly and consistently, with one side of the conflict or with the other. In this play, it would be sympathising now with the dreamer, now with the wife on whom his dreams bring financial ruin. If Mr. Martyn had made the wife a sweet creature whose husband showered his idealism on another woman, an ordinary audience might tolerate the play. Likewise, if he had made the wife altogether horrible, and the husband a dreamer who does not try to put his dreams into practical form. As it is, Mr. Martyn has drawn a woman whose temper has been ruined by the aloofness of a husband who does not love her and wastes all his fortune on more or less madcap schemes for improving his estate. One's reason sympathises with her, one's emotion with her husband. Both sides are in the right, as (in real life) both sides always are. In fact, both the characters are typical, not faked for effect. That is why the play could never have a popular success. That is also why it interests me so very deeply. I could gladly see it several times yet. I wish some manager would put it into his evening-bill. But managers must, after all, live; and even if one of them did put it into his evening-bill, we should not, I fear, have more than one opportunity of seeing it.

MAX.

## FINANCE.

THE position in South Africa has dominated the whole of the Stock Markets during the week, and the failure of the Bloemfontein Conference has not only brought about a severe though not yet disastrous decline in the Kaffir section, but the fears of further complications and possibly war have unfavourably affected other departments as well. At the close of last week there was a generally hopeful feeling, and the earlier reports of the results of the Conference, though conflicting, gave some encouragement to those who believed that our difficulties with the Transvaal were in a fair way to being arranged. But the mobbing of President Loubet at Auteuil on Sunday caused the London market to be predisposed to weakness on Monday in the expectation that Paris might be a seller, and although the conclusion of the Bloemfontein meeting between Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Kruger was the signal for a slight rally in the South African market a more pessimistic feeling soon set in, and on Wednesday the definite announcement that the Conference had proved abortive caused a general set-back. On Thursday, however, American rails took a turn for the better, and their example was followed by Westralians, these two markets succeeding in emancipating themselves from the general despondency. The fact that the Settlement in the Mining Market begins on Monday, and in the general markets on Tuesday, and that some of the preliminary arrangements have to be made to-day, supplied a further reason for weakness. Thus the favourable political conditions which since the beginning of the year have contributed to cheerfulness are almost in the twinkling of an eye changed, and hopefulness has given place to dismal forebodings, as is the manner of the Stock Markets. Any symptoms of weakening in the attitude of the South African Republic will of course be at once seized upon by the bulls, but from now onwards until a definite settlement has been reached irregular movements and uncertain markets are likely to prevail. In such changeable weather Throgmorton Street is a good place for the outside speculator to keep away from, although if the decline progresses further the investor will have an opportunity of picking up cheap many stocks and shares.

The Money Market alone has remained unaffected by the cloud that has suddenly overshadowed the City,

discount rates having fallen appreciably since last week owing to the abundance of money, to further shipments of gold from New York, and to the anticipation that this transfer of funds is likely to continue. The Bank return on Thursday reflected the easier conditions which now rule and which contrast with the fears of approaching stringency prevalent last week. On balance £56,000 in gold was received from abroad, the total increase for the week in coin and bullion amounting to £218,986, and as there was a contraction in the note circulation of £191,200 the reserve increased during the week by £410,186 and the proportion of reserve to liabilities 1.49 per cent. to 40.27 per cent. The total reserve is now nearly eight millions less than at the corresponding period last year and the ratio nearly 9 per cent. lower, so that although the Bank-rate remains at 3 per cent. it may quite possibly go higher before the autumn. There is now not the slightest probability that it will this year go below the present figure. The outflow of gold from New York is due to a combination of circumstances which can only be temporary in their effect, and since the balance of trade is permanently in favour of the United States the gold shipments must soon cease. Europe after selling last year large quantities of American railway securities as a consequence of the high level of prices reached has this year done the same thing with American copper shares, large quantities of which have crossed the Atlantic. The payment of the £20,000,000 for the Philippines has also had its effect. Both these influences will, however, soon be at an end, Japan and Russia will begin taking money from London, and in view of the low figure at which the reserve of the Bank of England now stands a rise in the official rate of discounts may come very soon. If the fears of serious trouble with the Transvaal should grow more acute, a rise in the Bank Rate may in fact come at once. The fact that the Money Market still remains extremely easy, and that the decline in South Africans has not as yet reached any abnormal dimensions, shows that in the best informed quarters there is still some hope that a way out of the apparent impasse in South Africa may be found.

The effect of the news from South Africa upon the Home Railway market shows that this department is, generally speaking, in a somewhat delicate position. Prices of Home Railway securities are without doubt at a high level, and are therefore sensitive to any unfavourable influences. During the week the market has been wholly irregular and the traffics for the week, which for once show a number of decreases, did not contribute any element of strength. In only three cases were there increases of importance, the London and North-Western receipts being £25,000, the Great Western nearly £25,000, and the Midland over £23,000 higher than in the corresponding week of last year. On the other hand the North-Eastern shows a decrease of £35,000, the Lancashire and Yorkshire one of £22,000, and the Great Eastern, Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, and South-Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover report decreases of smaller amounts. Although the North-Eastern decrease is large, it is of the less importance because the aggregate receipts since the beginning of the year have increased by £156,000; but the Lancashire and Yorkshire's aggregate receipts are only £59,000 more than last year, and the outlook for this company is therefore not very favourable. In the first half of last year the Lancashire and Yorkshire was able to pay a dividend of 5 per cent. and for the second half of 5½ per cent., making a total dividend for the year of 5½ per cent., which at the present price of 150 gives a yield to the investor of 3½ per cent. If, therefore, the dividends of last year could be maintained this year the present price of the stock would seem low and the yield high. The small increase in the gross receipts, however, makes it improbable that the dividend of last year will be maintained, for the company is still spending large amounts on capital account, and consequently the sum necessary to pay last year's dividend will this year need to be considerably increased. During the half-year ended 30 June last the sum of £405,000 was spent on capital account, and for the six months ending 30 December last £385,000. The estimated

expenditure on capital account for the current half-year is over half a million, and the net earnings to be obtained from the small increase in the gross receipts will fall considerably short of the necessary amount to pay the increased capital charges. A reduction of the dividend, therefore, seems inevitable and the present price of the stock quite high enough.

It seems probable that the course of events in the Kaffir Market will follow closely the forecast we gave last week in the event of unfavourable news coming from the Transvaal with respect to the negotiations at Bloemfontein. If the news had been favourable there is no doubt that a most important and permanent upward movement would have taken place. The set-back which necessarily followed the announcement that the conference had proved abortive has not in reality exceeded a moderate amount, and our anticipation that it would prove only temporary seems likely to be fulfilled in view of the moderate character of the decline and the resistance of prices to further bear attacks. After the first shock prices steadied considerably, and when it is remembered that about a year ago Rand Mines, for instance, dropped as low as 29, and that since Monday last they have only fallen 2½ from 42½ to 40½, the inherent strength of the market, to which we have repeatedly drawn attention, becomes apparent. Contrary to expectation the events of the week have shown that there is a not insignificant account open for the rise, and the closing of part of this account, together with a certain amount of bear selling, is sufficient to explain the moderate set-back. But it nevertheless remains true that Transvaal gold-mining shares are at present mainly in the hands of those who can afford to hold them until more favourable conditions supervene, and apart from actual sales the decline has been mainly of the nature of a general marking down of prices. Yesterday the resistance to any further fall was accentuated, and there was some recovery from the worst. The market has accepted the situation soberly and without panic, and is now disposed to await calmly further developments. Probably when these words are before the reader the contents of the Colonial Secretary's despatch in reply to the Uitlanders' petition will have been made public, and in this reply, to which Mr. Chamberlain pointedly drew attention in the House of Commons on Thursday night, probably lies the key to the whole situation. When it is known the air should be considerably cleared, for it will in all probability indicate with sufficient definiteness the course the British Government intends to pursue in the face of Mr. Kruger's obstinate non-possumus. It will therefore clear the air and make it possible to anticipate to some extent the future course of events and of movements in the Kaffir Market. For the moment, at a time of uncertainty like the present, it is neither wise to buy nor to sell. Those who can afford to hold their shares should stick to them and not try to sell on a weak market. Those who wish to buy, by waiting will probably be able to secure shares at even more favourable prices.

Amongst the deep-level mines to which investors will do well to direct their attention is the Robinson Central Deep, the first annual report of which is just to hand. This company's property is situated immediately to the east of the Crown Deep and to the north of the Robinson Deep, which, as is well known, is already producing and is making large profits. The Robinson Central Deep owns 45½ claims, from which, however, seven claims must be deducted to allow for the Robinson Deep dyke which traverses the property from north to south. Shaft sinking is being actively carried on and it is expected that the South Reef will be cut next year and that the mine will be able to start producing in 1901. Arrangements have been made with the Crown Deep Company to work the reduction plant conjointly, by which means it should be possible to effect a considerable economy in working expenses, and it is proposed to establish ultimately a 100-stamp mill which will be worked alongside the Crown Deep mill and will be operated from the Crown Deep engine. With this stamping power the life of the mine may be roughly estimated as about

nine years, and assuming that the mine makes the same profit as the Robinson mine under which it is directly situated, that is, about £2 10s. per ton, it will earn dividends of at least 80 per cent. on its capital of £500,000, giving a yield to the investor at the present price, after allowing for amortisation, of 13 per cent.

In spite of a heavy decrease in receipts of copper from the United States a marked improvement in the general position is observable in the monthly statistics. The visible supply is 30,156 tons, or 3,627 tons more than at the end of April, and 2,367 tons more than on 31 May of last year. There has been a little break during the past few days, and the evidences of all-round weakness make it almost indubitable that before long there must come a further fall in prices, which are still a round 50 per cent. higher than a year ago, though the available supplies, as we have seen, show a decided advance. The explanation of the reduction in receipts from America—6,625 tons against 9,204 tons in April and 11,463 tons in March—is no doubt to be found partly in the lower output reported from the Anaconda Mine and partly in the withholding of supplies by the other mines in the American combination, to the end that prices may be strengthened. But miscellaneous sources have made up for the smaller American shipment, furnishing 6,223 tons, compared with 1,165 tons in the previous month and 4,277 tons in March. Chili also reports an increase of fully 50 per cent. on its customary monthly figure. Owing to these two increases, supplies work out at 19,701 tons against 16,105 tons. Moreover, owing to the determination of consumers to purchase no more copper than they can possibly help, the deliveries were small—only 16,074 tons against 18,073 tons. It is to be noted as significant that, with the one exception of February, no previous month for a couple of years has seen such a small total of deliveries of the metal. One trade authority tells us that smelters are mainly employed in converting furnace material and old copper, "of which the supply is unusually large," into standard copper; and that the quantity of standard offered for early delivery has been unexpectedly large, "a good deal having been previously bought by speculators and dealers in anticipation of a corner."

We understand that there will be some disappointment when the report of the Anaconda Company for the year ending with the present month is presented. It has been generally expected that the increased profits resulting from the high price of copper during the past twelve months would result in a satisfactory increase in the Anaconda dividend. This expectation would undoubtedly have been realised had it not been for the very large expenditure out of profits on capital account which has been the feature of the company's operations during the past three years and was still going on during the six months ending 31 December last. Consequently, although very much larger profits have been made during the current financial year, the dividend will in all probability be only the same as last year, namely, 10 per cent., the balance having been absorbed in further improvements. Moreover last year work was carried on under great difficulties, and as the fire in the most valuable portion of the mine had not been overcome, a further reason for the failure to increase the dividend is forthcoming. Practically the whole of the dividend has had to be earned during the past six months. In the future, however, the Anaconda Company should be able to earn very large profits. The expenditure out of revenue on improvements in the equipment of the mine must eventually result in considerable economies in working and in a large increase of the output, and since the diversion of profits to provide the working capital lacking at the outset has now ceased future dividends will certainly be on a more generous scale. The largely increased consumption of copper in the industries, although it may not suffice to maintain the price of the metal at its present high level, will assuredly bring about a permanent improvement in the price above that current during the past few years, and therefore the value of Anaconda shares has bases wholly apart from the American copper combination. Last year the Anaconda mine produced 135 million pounds of copper which were sold at an average price

of 11 cents per lb. The present price of copper in New York is over 18 cents per lb., but even supposing that only 4 cents per lb. more is realised in future for the output of the mine, and that the output is not increased beyond that of last year, there will be an additional profit available for dividend of \$5,400,000, enough to much more than double the former declaration of 10 per cent. Although therefore in view of the dividend which will probably be declared for 1898-9 the present price of Anacondas may seem high, in view of future possibilities they are only moderately priced. At their present price of 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  for the \$25 share they will yield nearly 5 per cent. with a dividend of 10 per cent. With dividends of 20 per cent., which are more than probable in future years, the yield to the investor at to-day's price makes them a tempting speculation.

Though tin will sympathise with any big fall in copper, it does not seem probable, from present indications, that it will suffer to anything like the same extent, at any rate until the statistical situation shows signs of very material improvement. The market has been a trifle wobbly of late, and has suffered from some combined bear attacks, but taken all round the position is anything but weak for holders of the metal. The high prices have of course induced much greater activity on the Straits and other fields, but so far this activity has not made itself felt in supplies—or rather, it has not made itself felt sufficiently to neutralise the speculative elements in the case, which are strong. The visible supply on the 31st ult. was no better than at the end of last year. The quantity reported was 19,292 tons, being nearly 600 tons lower on the one month. New arrivals were 5,574 tons, an increase of 1,235 tons on April; but on the other hand the deliveries were 6,152 tons against 5,358 tons; so that reserves are reduced by 578 tons. London accounts for practically the whole of the larger deliveries, but it is a question whether the increase represents bona fide takings for consumption. Possibly, as was the case with copper, speculators have been taking metal off the market in the hope that there will be a corner.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DISASTERS AT SEA AND THEIR CAUSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Hopeful" puts forth a scheme for warning ships running into danger, which is only one of many inventions equally impracticable, though doubtless conceived in a spirit of humanity not unmixed with financial hopes.

These schemes are familiar to those concerned in maritime matters, and it is, I regret to say, a fact that those very sailors whose safety is sought are inclined to smile at some and swear at others. This manifestation though disheartening is supposed to result from the contempt which practical experience creates against theoretical navigators or even against actual sailors with fads.

To take "Hopeful's" scheme. He would have ropes submerged two or four fathoms below the deepest draught of ships. Each rope is to be grappled by a hook let down through a telescopic tube when danger is feared. Does "Hopeful" imagine that vessels run ashore under present conditions when danger is feared? It is just the false sense of security which leads to catastrophes in spite of modern safeguards. Moreover all such safeguards are useless for the reason that they are generally neglected in the details of ordinary ship's business which require more immediate attention. No sailor imagines that any given voyage will be other than safe owing to palpable causes—which it is here needless to discuss—and so such devices as trailing a grappler overboard would be regarded as a more or less unnecessary nuisance.

But suppose the sailors were theoretically careful about the grappler though careless of the other warnings already provided. Will "Hopeful" explain how an Atlantic liner or any modern leviathan running at high speed is to increase its momentum between the time of the warning and the period occupied in covering the

remaining thousand yards intervening between the rope and the rocks? It is not by yards but by miles that warnings must be arranged if ships are to be brought up in time.

No doubt the question asked will bring up many inventors with contrivances for stopping vessels quickly with brakes and what not—oblivious of the fact that ships are primarily made to go and not to stop. What is really wanted is a patient perfect human being who never errs in his judgment, who is never hurried by his owners, who is incapable of the fear of being considered “an old woman” by his officers when he is constantly taking precautions. Till that man is invented we must just get along with the man as he is, trusting to the three L's—log, lead, and look-out. As it is I venture to think that, having regard to the dangers of navigation which always must exist, and considering the small number of cases where disaster occurs compared with the number of safe arrivals, the average shipmaster of to-day is remarkably careful and clear-headed in spite of the enormous and bewildering restraints and regulations under which he works. In any case his judgment is far better than that of many inventors who display such anxiety to navigate for him.

That the Trinity House is often grievously in fault may be admitted. This crusted old Corporation's ambitions are more set upon dinners than fog syrens, and the retiring modesty which makes its not excessively intelligent officials retreat from modern improvement is a shipping grievance. But this much may be accounted to them for righteousness. The Trinity officials have shown themselves shy of roping in our coasts.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
Shipping Telegraph Offices, J. P. DAVIES.  
Liverpool, 3 June, 1899.

#### BOER POLEMICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 Manchester Road, Southport, 7 June, 1899.

SIR,—May I ask your permission to say a word in reply to your reviewer?

At an early date, an announcement, by my publisher, in your advertisement columns will give the general verdict of the press on the character of my work. For the rest, I am more than satisfied to find your reviewer admitting “that there is so much to admire in men like Retief, Pieter Uys, Maritz and Pretorius.” By all means let your readers consult the pages of Cloete and Theal. But, would your reviewer, also, study them? Then, when he again brandishes the Imperial bludgeon in criticising an Africander's humble appeal to the true Cæsar—the noble-hearted, freedom-loving Caesar Britannicus—he will, perhaps, know that some of the Voortrekkers left the Cape Colony in the present reign—not in that of William IV. Then, also—when better informed than he appears to be now—he will perhaps be able to spell *Graaff Reinet* and *Landdrost* correctly. Then, perhaps, he will prove himself competent to speak authoritatively on matters South African.

I think I have said enough to show your readers that they will do wisely in judging for themselves as to the merits or demerits of my book “Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa.” Further, I trust your reviewer will not consider these few lines as “rhapsody,” or see any “purple patches” in them.—With every sentiment of respect and esteem, I subscribe myself, Sir,

Very sincerely yours,  
J. C. VOIGT.

[We censured Dr. Voigt's version of South African history as partial, prejudiced, exaggerated in tone and likely to leave a generally false impression on the reader's mind. The defence, or should we say the counter-attack, to these charges is that we made two mistakes in literals! We were quite aware that the great trek, which began in the time of William IV., continued into the present reign. We cited Cloete in correction of Dr. Voigt's untrustworthy description of the Republic of Natal. “Noble-hearted, freedom-loving Caesar Britannicus” does strike us as a bit “purplish” for “nonconformist conscience.”

Ed. S. R.

#### REVIEWS.

##### THE BREAK-UP OF CHINA.

“The Break-up of China; with an account of its present commerce, currency, waterways, armies, railways, politics, and future prospects.” By Lord Charles Beresford. With maps. London and New York; Harper and Brothers. 1899.

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S book gives the results of his mission to China at the instance of Sir Stafford Northcote, the President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce. Affairs in China had been going from bad to worse, foreign Powers had taken up leaping-grounds with the object of making it their prey, and Lord Salisbury had classed it as a “dying” nation that could only be resuscitated by a thorough root-and-branch reform of its civil and military administration. This, he considered, was extremely unlikely to be carried out because the administration was known to be a mass of corruption, so that no firm ground exists on which any hope of reform or restoration could be based. One prominent man, the able and plucky Lord Charles Beresford, took a less gloomy view of the situation. He boldly declared in the House of Commons that he did not share the views as to the utter decay of the Chinese Empire, and that it would be perfectly possible to resuscitate it and to put China in a position to protect our trade interests in the Yangtsze Valley. The question was of vast importance to our home industries and commerce as well as to the trade and commerce of Greater Britain, and Lord Charles was despatched to the Far East as the emissary of the Chambers “to obtain accurate information as to how security is to be insured to commercial men who may be disposed to embark their capital in trade enterprise in China,” and to report “as to whether the organisation of the Chinese civil and military administration is sufficiently complete to insure adequate protection to commercial ventures.”

Much of the matter dealt with in this book is extraneous to the objects of the inquiry and had been previously and effectively dealt with in the columns of the press and in the important and comprehensive reports of Messrs. Brenan, Jamieson, and Bourne, recently issued as Blue-books, as well as in the Report of the Blackburn Commercial Mission and the yearly reports of our Consuls in China. Moreover, much of the bloom had been taken off Lord Charles Beresford's statements and views by the extensive newspaper reports of his series of speeches in China, Japan and America. Yet much remains that is new and well worthy of study in the book. This Report, for it is practically such, is exceptionally valuable, for it gives and focusses the views and opinions of the mercantile community, missionaries, and leading civil and military Chinese officials on the position of affairs in China, and on the possibility and likelihood of China's carrying out such reforms as are required to maintain the stability of the dynasty and the integrity of the Empire, or rather of what now remains of it.

The break-up of an Empire of four hundred millions of people is, as Lord Charles avers, an event that has no parallel in history. And the near prospect of the break-up of a great British market containing one-fourth of the population of the world, with the further prospect that great portions will be absorbed by Powers with protectionist tariffs and proclivities, fully accounts for the nervous anxiety of the British mercantile community in China at the time of the author's arrival. Little more than a week had passed since the coup d'état at Peking quenched all hope of the reformation of the Chinese Administration from within, and it was daily becoming more apparent that no co-operation of Powers could be counted on to bring joint pressure from the outside in order to force reform on the Chinese Administration and thus save the Empire from the internal and external disintegrating forces that threatened its destruction. With such an Administration at the helm, the ship of State was in a hopeless condition for weathering the storms which seemed to be rapidly gathering. Lord Charles tells us that,

throughout her history, China has been one long scene of rebellion and stern repression, but never before has authority been in so weak or so helpless a condition, the financial position of the Empire hindering the Government from maintaining a force adequate, in either numbers or efficiency, to prevent disturbances and rebellions. He speaks of the sense of insecurity on the part of our merchants as to the large capital they have already invested in China, and pronounces that it is due to the effete condition of the Chinese Government, its corruption and poverty; to the continual riots, disturbances, and rebellions throughout the country; and to the pressure of foreign claims, which China has no power either to resist or refuse; all this leading to the total internal collapse of authority. And he urges that in case of a civil revolution in China, an Empire extending over an area as large as Europe, the thin line of European civilisation on the coast, with a few ships of war, would have little or no effect on the catastrophe.

After expressing uncertainty as to what Government would follow in the event of the present dynasty being upset, and our ignorance as to what policy any future administration would adopt respecting the contracts and concessions made by the existing Tsung-li-Yamen, he goes on to urge that the traders of all nations in China dread the institution of a sphere of influence policy, which would, in their opinion, endanger the expansion of trade, incur the risk of war, and hasten the partition and downfall of the Chinese Empire. Coming to the question of what he considers to be the only remedy for the threatened catastrophe, he asserts that it lies in maintaining the integrity of the Chinese Empire and giving security to the trade of all nations, by a thorough reorganisation of the army and police of the whole country. This he considers could only be done by outside aid. In apparent forgetfulness that Lord Salisbury had, in April last year, declared that our Government would gladly assist China in reforming her military and naval forces, provided conditions were arranged which gave reasonable prospects of good results, and that Russia had so vigorously opposed it that the offer was not accepted, he, "with all deference," suggests that "Great Britain, which has the largest vested interests in the country, should lead the way, and invite the co-operation of all interested parties, in the organisation of China's military and police in the same spirit as Sir Robert Hart has organised her customs." This, he considers, should be done under a clear understanding that those who co-operate from various nations to do the work shall be strictly servants of the Chinese Empire, and that the one and only end in view is to strengthen, support and maintain the Government of China. In this way the lives and properties of the European traders might be made secure!

The project of course is an admirable one if the Chinese Government were willing and financially able to carry it out, and if other nations were willing that China should thus be strengthened by the employment of such a mixed body of officers in their spheres of influence. Russia has already vetoed such a project by insisting that only Russian drill-instructors shall be employed in the Chinese provinces neighbouring her dominions. Germany would probably insist upon her subjects alone being employed as drill-instructors in Shantung. Japan would certainly follow suit in Fukien, and France in Kwangsi. How much more would this be the case when the employment of foreign officers to command the troops was in question! Again, the project might be expected to prove unfeasible on the ground of expense. Lord Charles states that he has proved to his own satisfaction that effective military and police forces could be organised on funds now available for these purposes, but he fails to take into account that the great majority of the paid troops in China are assembled near Peking and that outside the Treaty Ports a police force, properly so called, does not exist. Of course there is an enormous amount of peculation in connexion with the payment of troops, as in every other case of money passing either to or from the Treasury through the hands of a Chinese official. The instance of the general who draws the money to pay and feed 10,000 men and is supposed to com-

mand them and who actually commands only 800 men, hiring coolies for the occasion at 5*sd.* a day to fill up the ranks in case of inspection, is by no means exceptional. But the control of such forces is known to mean pickings, and such pickings mean the greasing the palms of other high officials, and, as was pointed out in the address to Lord Charles from the Chinese merchants at Hong Kong—which is far and away the most interesting and valuable and readable of the numerous addresses contained in the book—"all the Mandarins in power would naturally oppose any measure for reform tending to take away their illegitimate though, under the circumstances, quite necessary gains." Such peculation cannot be stopped until China adopts a system of paying adequate salaries to her officials.

Lord Charles Beresford contends that until the military and police are reorganised it will be impossible to reform the administration of the country; whereas, on the other hand, these very able Hong Kong Chinese merchants contend that the Administration and system of collecting the revenue must be first taken in hand. Otherwise, they say, if it were possible to furnish China to-morrow with a well-disciplined army and a perfectly organised police, they are quite certain that neither force would be maintained in an efficient state for a year and a day. China's corrupt Government and her peculating officials would starve out either or both of these forces. The merchants urge that, without reformation, the administration of the Chinese Empire will speedily become impossible; partition will become inevitable; and Great Britain will have no choice but to join in the international scramble for "spheres of influence." China, according to them, is unable to effect her own regeneration. They say that, "for obvious reasons—personal gain and aggrandisement—those who hold high office, those who constitute her ruling class, do not desire reform; those in humbler life, forming her masses, wish reform, but are powerless to attain it." In this predicament it is thought that England should come forward and furnish the assistance and apply the requisite pressure.

With Russia cowering the Manchu Government, and enjoying much the same corrupt administration as rules in China, our coming forward to apply the necessary pressure would probably have a disastrous effect on our little remaining prestige at Peking. Russia wishes to keep China weak and the Manchu dynasty under her thumb until such time as the completion of the Siberian-Pacific Railway, when Russia will be practically dominant at Peking. Virtually China has already been divided into spheres of influence under the guise of spheres of railway interest. We have in effect recognised as binding on us the agreement signed by the German and British Syndicates on the 2nd of last September, which defines the German sphere as Shantung and the Hoangho Valley: and the British sphere as the Yangtze Valley, the provinces south of the Yangtze, and the province of Shansi. And by our recent agreement with Russia we have recognised the vast regions to the north of the Great Wall as the Russian sphere, Russia on her part agreeing to recognise the Yangtze Valley as our sphere. Sir Claude MacDonald has reported in his despatch of 3 December last, that recent events "show that in the future, especially on the long trunk lines, European police will be most necessary." Spheres of railway interest are thus bound to become spheres of influence. The European police will be practically an army of occupation, and in the event of the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty such police aided by a moderate European force should prevent the catastrophe that has loomed up in the imagination of the gallant Admiral. The policy of spheres of influence, we have been assured by Sir Edward Grey, is not really inconsistent with the policy of the Open Door. Let us hope, on the principle of give and take, that the Open Door may be preserved for the future throughout the present bounds of the Chinese Empire and thus our merchants may still be able to keep their temper even if China falls.

THE STORY OF JACKSON'S EXPEDITION.  
"A Thousand Days in the Arctic." By Frederic Jackson. Harper. 1899.

MR. JACKSON has some fair ground for complaint; though we hasten to add that there is no murmur of it in this simple and manly record. But if the world be divided into those who get more and those who get less reputation than they deserve, Mr. Jackson is most assuredly to be reckoned in the second class. It has been his fate to find himself eclipsed—and to know that that eclipse has been very largely owing to his own efforts. If he had not saved Nansen at a critical moment, it is quite doubtful whether the great Norwegian would have ever reached home. But arriving back in civilisation long before his rescuer, Nansen's story filled the world, and has, we fear, almost exhausted its interest in the Polar regions. It is true that Nansen had a far more sensational story to tell than Jackson's. There is nothing in these volumes to match the long story of the sledge expedition after leaving the "Fram." There is nothing to fascinate the imagination like that heroic audacity of trusting to an ice-drift which all the great scientists refused to credit. Nor is Jackson, like Nansen, a great writer as well as a traveller—a man of large, brooding imagination, haunted with the mystery of the North Pole, and touched with the gloom of the Polar night. Like most Englishmen, Jackson exaggerates the prosaic side. He talks like a typical Alpine climber, who pretends that he has had a constitutional when he has really climbed a perilous peak. As a nation, we find this rather false modesty attractive. To other peoples, it is intensely repulsive, and they simply put it down to our barbaric lack of the higher imagination. But though Mr. Jackson gets the least possible literary value out of his story, and writes all the time as if he was half-ashamed to wield a pen, he cannot conceal the fact that his was a thorough and conscientious piece of exploration. It was undertaken with a fine zeal and courage, and endured throughout with patience, industry and perseverance. Going to the Arctic regions in 1894, he settled down in Franz Josef's Land, and remained there for three years, exploring with sledge and boat in every direction. He made the important discovery that what has been hitherto taken for continuous land really consists of many islands, with rapid tides between them, making navigation perilous and uncertain. He has brought home excellent maps and photographs, and the most important observations of flora and fauna, contained in the appendices to this book. And in addition to this, his diaries tell the tale of many perils and adventures, faced with the same simple spirit of unconscious bravery that our countrymen show in the Soudan or West Africa. It is the story of English enterprise, and should take a high place in the history of the race.

But the reader will inevitably dwell the longest on those pages in which Mr. Jackson tells the story of his meeting with Nansen and the days they spent together in Franz Josef's Land. Mr. Jackson gives the story of meeting as he wrote it in his diary at the time:—

"We shook hands heartily and I expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing him. I inquired if he had a ship? 'No,' he replied, 'my ship is not here'—rather sadly I thought—and then he remarked, in reply to my question, that he had only one companion who was at the floe edge.

"It then struck me that his features, in spite of the black grease and long hair and beard resembled Nansen, whom I had met once in London before he started in 1893, and I exclaimed: 'Aren't you Nansen?' To which he replied: 'Yes, I am Nansen.' With much heartiness I shook him warmly by the hand and said: 'By Jove I'm d—d glad to see you' and congratulated him on his safe arrival. I then inquired:

"'Where have you come from?'

"He gave me a brief sketch of what had occurred, and replied: 'I left the "Fram" in 84° North latitude and 102° East longitude after drifting for two years, and I reached 86° 15' parallel and have now come here.'

"'I congratulate you most heartily,' I answered. 'You have made a deuced good trip of it, and I am

awfully glad to be the first person to congratulate you.' (Again we shook hands.)"

How characteristic! "A deuced good trip of it!" "D—d glad to see you!" The imagination reels at such poverty of phrase at such a moment. But we like it. We prefer it to a theatrical pose—to flag-waving, to offers of vegetables, to international amenities. Fortunately Franz Josef's Land is not yet partitioned by any treaty. No one wants it. So the human element could prevail, and we have a story that will match "Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

Nansen was anaemic and fat. He seemed utterly done up—he had, of course, been ill several times. Mr. Jackson would not be human if he did not emphasise the fact that, except for this meeting, Nansen would probably never have got home. Nearly two hundred miles of rough sea lay between Nansen and Johansen and safety. They had only kayaks. It is difficult to see how they could have survived.

If only for this, therefore—for saving Nansen—Jackson's expedition will always be remembered. But in addition to this it has a value of its own, as anyone will see who will read these simple and unassuming, but interesting, records.

MEDIEVAL SCOTLAND.

"History of Scotland: Vol. I. to the Accession of Mary Stuart." By P. Hume Brown. Cambridge: University Press, 1899.

IT was a happy thought which led the editor of the Cambridge Historical Series to enlist for this volume the services of Mr. Hume Brown. The result is a concise but clear and interesting narrative embodying the results of the most recent researches. We are now enabled to learn, without wading through Exchequer rolls and monographs on Highland clans, what materials have accumulated for the early history of Scotland since John Hill Burton published his classical but somewhat tedious volumes.

In the interval respectable theories have been demolished. The story of the Roman occupation has been rewritten. The achievements of the first or Keltic dynasty have been more adequately explained. Modern scholars, amongst whom Mr. Hume Brown is not the least conspicuous, are bringing to light new facts about the early Stuarts. It is needless to say that some familiar enigmas remain, and are likely to remain, unsolved. The battle of the Mons Grampius still rages. Like Jonathan Oldbuck Sir James Ramsay has provided a new site for Agricola's victory: but we have yet to learn that he has convinced a generation which remembers the Kaims of Kimprunes. Anent the naked Pict Sir Arthur Wardour has still as much claim to be heard as any modern authority. The worthy knight vociferously asserted that the race of Brude was "genuine Keltic." To this description Mr. Hume Brown can only add the qualification "probably Goidelic," for which we are not much the wiser. It is the same when we descend to the period of authentic annals. The Wallace remains a mystery. The wanderings of Robert Bruce and the meteoric reign of James I. have not yielded up their secrets to the facile pens of Sir Herbert Maxwell and M. Jusserand. Did the Maid of Norway really die in the Orkneys, or was she spirited away, as some assert, and afterwards burned alive in Bergen, that the peace of kingdoms might not be disturbed for one unhappy woman? What was the manner of the luckless Rothesay's death? Whence came that dark confessor whose dagger completed the victory of Sauchieburn, removed James III. from the pathway of an ambitious son, and prepared the nemesis of Flodden Field and Fotheringhay?

We have the traditional answers to such questions, and they are not to be dissected by the scalpel of the critic. Better to imitate Sir Walter and take the legends simply for what they are—the most vivid record of the fiery passions and wild imaginings which thrilled the national heart in those unquiet times. Mr. Hume Brown has wisely devoted himself to the satisfaction of more profitable forms of curiosity. He writes for the student of political philosophy, and he is at pains to accentuate the importance of some

generally neglected factors in the development of Scotland. No one has so clearly shown, for instance, how the Scottish Parliament failed to grasp the reins of power. The founders of it followed the example of Edward I., but, for want of sound political instinct, fell into blunders which English statesmen avoided. Although Robert I. engrafted, as early as 1326, a system of borough representation upon the old feudal council, neither he nor his successors could persuade the smaller barons to appear by representatives. Not before the reign of James VI. was this all-important reform effected. Till then the Third Estate remained a despised and insignificant handful of burghers. Again in 1368 the Scottish Parliament cheerfully submitted to an innovation which cost the English Richard II. his crown and life; Lords of the Articles were appointed "to hold the parliament;" the right of initiative was surrendered to a committee of royal nominees. If we turn from institutions to the problems of territorial expansion, we find an admirable account of the Lordship of the Isles. We learn how great, for good and evil, was the influence of this straggling principality upon the fortunes of the mainland. Founded by the Vikings, and only transferred from the allegiance of Norway to that of Scotland in 1266, it severed the Pict and Scot from their kinsmen in Ireland, and prevented the infection of Irish anarchy from following in the wake of Irish missionaries. It forced the house of Kenneth MacAlpine to forsake the Highlands and become a Lowland power. Even after the annexation it remained for three centuries a thorn in the side of Scotland. Our own Edward IV. found his account in concluding a formal treaty with the Lord of the Isles. In fact to Scotland the Western Highlands and the Isles were in the fifteenth century what Wales had been to England in the thirteenth. Such facts are by no means new, but it is a boon to have them presented to us in so readable a form.

#### THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

"Evolution of the English House." By Sidney C. Addy. London: Sonnenschein. 1899.

M R. SIDNEY ADDY is to be congratulated upon the skilful use of scanty fare. The early history of the English cottage—for that is really the subject of his book—must necessarily be largely a matter of conjecture. Before the destruction of the forests in the reign of Henry VIII., the English peasants built their homes chiefly of timber and clay or mud. These cottages have either perished, or been renewed out of all recognition. Documentary records can hardly be said to exist. Yet Mr. Addy has managed to frame a theory of evolution which is sufficiently coherent to deserve examination.

The earliest remains of houses, properly so called, in Great Britain are of a round shape, but it is probable that the rectangular house has also existed from very early times; indeed distinct evidences of a fairly advanced form of rectangular house have recently been found in the Glastonbury "lake village" which is said to belong to a period dating from somewhere between 200 and 300 B.C. down to the Roman occupation. Mr. Addy however suggests that the real origin of the rectangular house was the temporary booth or tent used by shepherds for their summer residences on the mountains or summer pastures; though in another place he quaintly adds that the winter houses were larger and more substantial than the summer houses. These summer booths were supported by pairs of bent oak trees called "forks" or "gavels" (whence "gables"), the space between any two pairs of these forks being known as a "bay." The "bays" being of uniform length, the practice arose of selling or letting houses by the "bay" "as cloth is sold by the yard." These long narrow buildings were extended laterally when needed by affixing aisles or "outshots" at the sides. But the chief room retained the title of "house-part"; in the Midlands this room is still known as the "house." Mr. Addy relates many charming traditional customs, one of which—told him by an old Derbyshire farmer from the memories of his youth, and describing the

ceremonial observed by a farmer and his servants at dinner—strikingly resembles in form a similar "common meal" which we were once fortunate enough to observe in a remote farmstead in Brittany.

The charm of Mr. Addy's explanations of much that is obscure and the ingenuity of his reasoning are at times so attractive that it is with regret that we find it necessary to assail the frail foundation upon which his theory of evolution is constructed. Mr. Addy conceives the English cottage to have been possessed of a distinctive national form, changing in appearance and developing from a simple into a comparatively complex structure as the centuries rolled on. This view can scarcely be justified. Has Mr. Addy fully realised how absolutely the mediaeval peasants were dependent upon local material and local labour—the rich revenues of the abbeys were not at their disposal—has he thought of the barriers between the districts caused by the differences of dialect and by the lack of means of inter-communication? We should be puzzled even to-day to define the typical English cottage. Are we to choose the snug homestead of Kent with its brilliant tile-hung walls, or the brown oak and yellow-plastered cottage of Surrey, or its sterner fellow of Hereford with tarred beams and whitewashed walls, or the low thatched mud house of Leicester, or the granite cot of the moors or the hideously smug modern cottage with red walls and purple roofs which is wantonly disfiguring so many beautiful English villages? It is quite possible that Mr. Addy's theory may apply to the counties between the Humber and the Mersey from which his illustrations seem chiefly to be drawn; but for the remainder of the country the changes have certainly been very varied and slow, and have proceeded in directions which the author has not contemplated. We select one of his examples for remark, mainly because it is indicative of the lengths to which evolutionary enthusiasm will lead the unwary. Mr. Addy describes an interesting house at Scrivelsby on the fringe of the Lincolnshire fens. This is built of timber and consists in reality of a very high-pitched roof resting on the ground without vertical walls. We are asked to believe that this inconvenient form of building, necessitating as high a level of constructive skill as the far more comfortable vertical-walled cottage framed up with oak beams and "wattle and daub," was a general form of building throughout the kingdom. In support of this contention is quoted the instructive little "oratory" of Gallerus near Dingle in the West of Ireland which we are told "is merely a booth copied in stone." It is obviously nothing of the sort. The builder in the fens had at his disposal long straight trees and abundance of straw while he had probably never seen a stone quarry. The Irishman, on the contrary, lived in a bleak bare country innocent of trees and had been forced to rely upon stone even as the material for the divisions between his fields. Each went to work as common sense and experience dictated. The fen-dweller pitched his trees against one another in the natural A form, and thatched them with straw. The Irishman built his "oratory" in the only way it could be built, by "corbelling over"—or jutting each course of stones slightly over the course below until the two approaching walls met in the centre of ridge. But to assume that because the two houses resembled each other externally they had therefore even the remotest connexion is to ignore the radically different conditions of the respective problems.

#### RISE OF THE NETHERLANDS.

"History of the People of the Netherlands." By Petrus Johannes Blok, Professor of Dutch History in the University of Leyden. Translated by Oscar A. Bierstadt and Ruth Putnam. Part I. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

M ISS RUTH PUTNAM is laying students of history under a considerable obligation by taking up, and continuing in a worthy manner, the translation—which Mr. Oscar Bierstadt had commenced—of Dr. P. J. Blok's well-known work on the origin of modern institutions in the Netherlands. The rendering throughout is both careful and idiomatic; it reads

just as if the book had been originally written in English. The first instalment, now before us, only goes down to the end of the fourteenth century, leaving off just where most people—thanks to their memories of the vivacious Motley—begin their acquaintance with Dutch affairs. Very different are the style and method of the Leyden Professor. He takes no trouble in drawing character, has no delight in the pageantry of war or peace, makes no appeal to the imagination and little to the sympathy of his readers. His way of dealing with the semi-mythical accretions on mediaeval records is defiantly unromantic. “The wandering knight, surrounded with a poetic halo, was in reality hardly anything but a highwayman; the relation between knight and lady was rarely characterised by the idyllic simplicity of which Fergut speaks; the noble art of the tournament often served to satisfy baser passions than knightly valour.” But though Dr. Blok finds little to admire in chivalry—and unconsciously perverts his judgment by adopting the moral standard of a later civilisation—he admits that the knights, scattered over all Christendom and far into the East, had a powerful influence, if not an influence for good, through the solidarity of their universal Order. A like education, a corresponding position in society, similarity in ideas and manner of life made them a compact force, which might have held out much longer if it had not been sapped on two sides at once—by the encroachment of the princely powers and the growth of popular liberties.

In the chapters which Dr. Blok devotes to the latter subject he recalls the method that Guizot so ably employed in his “Lectures upon Civilisation,” though he is enabled to go more into details than was possible to the literary statesman who had undertaken to survey the field of universal history. Dr. Blok also deals freely—too freely, perhaps—in philosophic generalities, but he never indulges in mere theorising, and he gives his readers plenty of solid meat. He declines to answer the question how cities arose out of the feudal system until the meaning of that term has been defined. They originated in a multitude of different ways. Some go back to Roman times, and in others the Roman substratum has been thinly covered by the privileges gained by merchants’ guilds. Some began as markets, others have clustered around a palace, a monastery, or a castle. Some were created by the will of a ruler, others by the agreement and union of several rural communities. Nor does this exhaust the possibilities of urban development. In fact, Dr. Blok thinks it wiser to give up all cities anterior to the twelfth century—the ascertained data are generally insufficient to justify a theory. Another point to be cleared up is what exactly is denoted by a city. The criterion of the time, we are told, was that the place should have received a charter or statutes from the sovereign of the country or its local lord. These instruments may have been extorted or voluntarily given: they might be ample or limited in their grant. Taking this test we trace two main lines of civic development. Passing from Northern Italy over Northern France into Flanders, Hainaut, Luxembourg, Brabant, Limburg, Liège, Zealand and Holland, and the Frisian districts, we find communes and cities of the Franco-Flemish type. But proceeding from Italy along the Rhine, we come upon the “peculiar German municipal character” in Gueldres, Friesland and Utrecht.

There is too common a tendency among those who take bird’s-eye views of remote periods to imagine a greater homogeneity than could ever have been maintained in any progressive community. This error should be corrected by Dr. Blok’s treatment of an age which offers some excuse as well as much temptation to comfortable theorising. The population of these thirteenth-century cities was, he reminds us, very mixed. Even among the serfs there were grades and distinctions; those who were still servile, those who had worked their way out of that status, and those who were subject to certain rights on the part of their lord. There were peasants who had inherited land now enclosed within the city walls; there were artisans of different classes; merchants and noblemen who made their homes in the city for the sake of safety. Of this mixed assemblage those only were citizens who had

obtained the status by birth, marriage, or purchase, who had taken the oath, and paid the fees, and they lost their position by removal or by way of penalty, or by accepting citizenship in another community. Persons standing outside this civic order were in some ways analogous to Resident Aliens in Athens or Uitlanders in Johannesburg: they enjoyed protection of life and property, but could not aspire to a share in the government of the city. They were not even permitted to bear arms in its defence. It was by this exclusive policy that the Third Estate managed to assert its rights even against the Nobility and Clergy, and laid the foundations for that supremacy of the industrial middle-class which at one time seemed likely to spread itself over all Europe. Such, indeed, was the ideal and the not altogether illusive hope of the Manchester School. And the process has been checked, not so much by Socialistic propaganda, as by the recent growth of the great armaments which have restored to the military element in some modern States an ascendancy much greater than it had enjoyed since the days of Feudalism.

#### SOUTHERN TROUT STREAMS.

“South Country Trout Streams.” By George A. B. Dewar. London: Lawrence and Bullen, Ltd. 1899.

ANYTHING from the pen of Mr. Dewar on the subject of trout fishing is always pleasant reading, and this little book, we are inclined to think, will not be the less welcome to the keen angler for its dealing with the sources of sport rather than with the sport itself. It is true that Mr. Dewar is more at home when he describes his own trout-fishing experiences, as he has done on more than one occasion, than when he (admittedly) writes, as in the present volume, on information largely supplied by others. On the other hand, the angling reader has had a surfeit of personal experiences—experiences that mostly differ only in the imagination of the writers. Now it is a big trout that is landed; more often it is the still larger one that is lost. Either way, a common formula would cover all such experiences. It is a curious and somewhat conspicuous omission that whereas Mr. Dewar refers to the Houghton Club, to its establishment in 1822, to Sheridan’s visit, to its well-kept records, there is but a short reference (in the appendix) to the celebrated Leckford Club, as it was once called, now Longstock Club, which was established in the latter end of the eighteenth century. It was doubtless from the Leckford Club that Sheridan went to the Houghton; for the records of the Leckford show that in the year 1799 both Tom and R. B. Sheridan were members; as also the Rev. L. S. Ogle and T. Richardson. From the year 1803 the list of members has never been without a Craven.

Pollution and the lowering of streams by water companies gives the trout fisher not only food for reflexion but much cause for anxiety. Mr. Dewar paints the picture black—he almost persuades one that trout fishing will in the future be about as useless a sport to attempt as is salmon fishing in the Thames to-day. But suddenly Mr. Dewar remembers that the “increased number of anglers and the ever-growing popularity of fly fishing for trout have led to the careful preservation and the improvement of many waters all over the South of England.” And the pessimist becomes an optimist. For our part we must reluctantly confess to a conviction that between the impoverished landowners in want of money, and corporations and companies in want of water, the trout stream and trout fishing stand but a poor chance. Pity ‘tis so, but so we fear it is.

Much useful information as to the fly most alluring, always a subject for guidance from those of local experience, may be gained from this book by anglers visiting any one of the Southern trout streams for the first time.

## OUR INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM.

"Fields, Factories and Workshops." By Prince Kropotkin. London: Hutchinson. 1899.  
 "The Effects of the Factory System." By Allen Clarke. London: Grant Richards. 1899.

WE have no love for the factory system: sometimes brutal, often unhealthy, it is almost always ugly: but it is not of necessity either brutal or unhealthy or ugly and we cannot accept the conclusions whether of Prince Kropotkin or Mr. Allen Clarke. From an outlook which is widely different both condemn. Prince Kropotkin considers the scheme of nations, Mr. Clarke writes of a section of Lancashire industry. Prince Kropotkin dreams, and the things he sees are full at least of vigorous and compelling suggestion: Mr. Clarke, on the other hand, though he may possibly be thinking of the same things, sees them through a mist which has somehow a trick of obscuring the intellect as well as the landscape of Lancashire. It is indeed this limitation of vision which makes Mr. Clarke's work so barren of suggestion; he has not been strong enough to force an escape through the imprisoning mental shutter which impedes perception and thought in the Lancashire cotton industry. The manufacture of cotton is one of the staple industries of the country, and its seat is undoubtedly in Lancashire; but the country has other resources and so has Lancashire. And it is somewhat of an omission to assume that Lancashire is "the workshop of the world," and that the system of employment in its cotton factories represents our entire factory system. The Lancashire cotton factory operative is a special type; often his crudely narrow selfishness amounts to a disease which though it bears an almost epidemic character within the county appears mercifully to be non-infectious without. Therefore we must reject him even as a type. Before passing, however, from Lancashire and its cotton operatives we would point out that, if the atmospheric influence of the county is depressing, commercially it has its uses. To its climate in great measure Lancashire owes its supremacy in the cotton world, but, admirable for the manufacture of cotton, the climate rivals the soil in unsuitability for its cultivation; and we can hardly take seriously the suggestion that the mills of ideal villages in an ideal Lancashire should be fed by cotton grown in the neighbourhood under glass! A Bolton gentleman is quoted in support: "Cotton can be grown in hot-houses. I have grown some myself and have a few pods." This quantity is admittedly insufficient for manufacturing purposes, and it is proposed to multiply the pods and the hot-houses. With the increased production of pods the full powers of the scheme are not exhausted: "Tropical fruits, too, could be cultivated at the same time in these hot-houses, which could thus be made into delightful gardens, as well as useful growing grounds, for the inhabitants to stroll in during the natural winter of their own climate." We seem to recall one or two other industries in Lancashire which would not blend very well with this expanse of hot-houses, and we are sorry that Mr. Clarke's excellent sympathies have stimulated his imagination in so unpractical a direction. He sees Lancashire selfishness and Lancashire greed with clearer eyes and a truer perception than is to be expected from his Lancashire origin, and for this we are grateful. When Mr. Robson introduced his Half-time Bill he quoted to the listening House two instructive essays: one was the Lancashire cotton operative upon his child and the other was the Lancashire cotton operative upon himself. To the Trade-unionist writers of the essay upon the child we commend Mr. Clarke's plainness of speech:—" . . . the majority of parents in Lancashire regard children only as commercial speculations, to be turned into wage-earning machines as soon as the child's age and the law will permit. For this they oppose the raising of the age of half-timers; for this resent all legislative interference, either educational or hygienic, in the matter of their children. Instead of fighting for wages to keep their children, they are cowardly enough to let the children be forced to keep them."

For the pleasure of denunciation and strong language it is tempting to remain in Lancashire, but Prince Kropotkin calls us to wider considerations; calls upon

us to join him in a crusade against the modern factory system and its attendant evils of overcrowding in insanitary cities; calls upon us to journey with him to pleasant villages where manufacturing and agricultural industries join forces; the people till the land, produce their own food and manufacture the necessities of life. We are ready enough to make war against what is insanitary, cruel and sordid in the factory system, and we would willingly for some things enlist with Prince Kropotkin, but we cannot ignore the dangers of his reformation. They are considerable and at least some of them have received his recognition; others have escaped almost of necessity. The evils which are now part of the factory system have been bred in it by artifice: they are separable from it, without the disturbance of organic change, without reversion to the dying system of home industries which, in its picturesqueness, appeals to Prince Kropotkin. The factory in the village, the day divided between pleasant healthful labour in the field and work of contrasting interest in the factory, has no doubt attractions for all of us. And it certainly is free from some of the conditions which curse the intrusion of industry into the home itself. It does not for example involve the pursuit of such industries as file-cutting or fur-pulling in premises which of necessity aggravate their unhealthy nature. It does not tend to paralyse home influence by the conversion of the home into a workshop; it does not vitiate its atmosphere or obscure its purpose. But all this is negative. What can be said of its other aspects? It is picturesque, its surroundings are healthy, it might possibly retain the elements of health with which its beginning would probably be endowed, and the variety of interests would diminish much of the monotony which now deadens industrial life. Economically, in its limited possibilities of organisation, its difficulties of State regulation, its ineffectiveness in competition, we find disadvantages which are supreme. And to them must be added, with other dangers, the danger which always attends recourse to work which is only supplemental. This influence can be seen now in our own country and in Ireland in those few instances in which the dual system of agricultural and factory labour is established. It is generally accompanied by overwork and by sweating in its most irresistible form. Far better to us than the destruction of our factory system would be the direction of energy to its reform; to a reform which would embody the discouragement of home industry and its really inseparable evils: a reform which would retain the present good and develop the great possibilities of wise control by a humane and powerful State.

## VACCINATION.

"Vaccination: its Natural History and Pathology." By S. M. Copeman, Medical Inspector to H.M. Local Government Board. London: Macmillan. 1899.

"A Century of Vaccination." By W. S. Tebb. London: Sonnenschein. 1899.

THESE two volumes form an interesting combination. Dr. Copeman is one of the chief English authorities on the study of vaccine and lymph; Dr. Tebb is one of the leaders in the agitation against vaccination. They are alike graduates in arts and in medicine of the University of Cambridge, and from both there may be expected a well-ordered and serious contribution to the problems involved. For convenience we may consider the problems under three heads: (a) the law and the conscientious objector; (b) the historical or empirical case for or against vaccination as a preventive measure; (c) the scientific or pathological facts. Dr. Tebb, as is the custom of those who are anti-anything, revels in the conscientious objector. He states boldly that it is the duty of every citizen to form a judgment on vaccination, and, to aid him in the process, plies him with figures and rhetoric. Dr. Copeman, it must be admitted, does not seem to have considered the "still small voice" as an expert either on homoprophylaxy and heteroprophylaxy or on the vitality of disease germs in glycerine; he lays what Dr. Tebb no doubt would regard as a materialistic stress on the evidence to be

derived from culture plates and test-tubes, by those who have been trained to appreciate experimental evidence. For our own part a careful study of the two volumes has at least convinced us that our own conscience is dumb on the matter: it is as silent before all the intricate elaboration of figures and facts as it has proved on the complicated issues involved in considering the relation of the voter and the State to protection and countervailing duties.

Dr. Tebb is the chief contributor to the second question, although he has little of value to add to the mass of figures and statistics in the famous article in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and naturally has space for only a very small proportion of the bulk of data accumulated by the last Commission. The state of the matter so far as it can be put in a few words appears to be as follows. There is no doubt that in the secular changes in diseases some appear to increase in range of incidence and in virulence; others to become less widespread and less virulent. Smallpox is a disease which has certainly decreased in civilised countries during this century, and this decrease has affected both the number of cases and the proportion of fatal cases. No one accustomed to handle biological problems would venture to say that a single cause has produced this relative exemption. The changed conditions of life, the better food, better sanitation and generally more comfortable lives of the great mass of civilised populations have all been contributory in various ways to the decay of smallpox; while no doubt the increase in the mobility of individuals brought about by the greater facilities for rapid travelling and the increased herding in the large workshops and schools have aided the disease by increasing the facilities for the spread of the contagion. But there has been a great decrease, and the decrease has been coincident with vaccination. The anti-vaccinators and Dr. Tebb with them attempt to minimise the evidence for the commonness of smallpox last century and to attach a special importance to the causes other than vaccination. Dr. Tebb's book, however, shows plainly that even an opponent of vaccination has great difficulty in damaging the case for modern decrease of the disease. He declares it for instance to be "significant" that of one hundred advertisements for runaway apprentices and so forth in the London Gazette of the seventeenth century only sixteen were described as marked with smallpox. Consider what such a percentage would mean. If at every dinner party of thirteen two persons could be described, as an aid to identification, as being marked by smallpox, it is probable that we should give short shrift of the conscientious or other objector to any remedy of even plausible efficacy.

With regard to the third section of the vaccination problems, the section relating to the scientific aspects of smallpox vaccine and preventive inoculations, we find little that is interesting or suggestive in Dr. Tebb's book and much that would prove misleading to those who are not practical experts in pathological problems. He makes use of the difficulties and uncertainties that surround every complicated problem in biology as if they were isolated and peculiar objections to the particular set of facts or of views which he is concerned to dispute. It is only natural that the volume of Dr. Copeman should be much more satisfactory on these matters, as he is an expert modern biologist writing on extremely complicated problems of modern biology, and aware that every statement he makes will be subjected not merely to the biased approval or disapproval of a general public but to the unimpassioned scrutiny of the laboratory. The multiplicity of bacterial life where such life is possible as in an open sore, the rapidity of its transformations, the sudden changes in the populations of moulds or bacteria as the external conditions change, are known in all their complexity only to those who have attempted by rigorous modern methods the isolation of a particular disease germ. The chances of error creeping in are so great that those of most experience speak with least certainty as to inevitability of any sequences of events in bacterial life and are most content with the general results of experience as controlled by constantly new series of experiments. Obviously very little reliance can be placed on observations

made and conclusions drawn as to the specific nature of any virus or sore when the ruder methods of even twenty years ago were in use, and the elaborate attempts made by anti-vaccinators to prove the non-identity of Jenner's cowpox with modern horsepox, or of vaccine matter with inoculation matter, are simply attempts to deceive themselves and the public. Exact results are possible only with modern methods.

The name of Dr. Copeman is associated particularly with what is known as the glycerine treatment of lymph, and those who wish real knowledge of this great step in the history of vaccination will find it here. The practical difficulty connected with vaccination is that the microbe or special group of microbes to the agency of which immunity is due cannot yet be isolated with certainty and cultivated on artificial media in a perfectly pure condition. In consequence, for efficient vaccination a mixture must be taken containing many unnecessary and possibly some dangerous intruding microbes. The present problem is to find a means of treating the lymph which shall kill the harmful or unnecessary bacteria but yet shall leave the specific organisms unharmed. Dr. Copeman shows in the clearest possible way that in the presence of glycerine the microbes that cause tubercle, erysipelas and ordinary putrefaction are certainly destroyed and that by this method a great proportion of the possible dangers of using the impure fluid are eliminated. No doubt some more perfect method may yet be found, or best of all the isolation and pure cultivation of the specific organism may be reached. In the meantime this volume should do much to educate public opinion, and it is possible may educate it sufficiently quickly to eliminate the conscientious objector before an epidemic has devastated the land.

#### NOVELS.

"Professor Hieronimus." By Amalie Skram. Translated by Alice Stronach and G. B. Jacobi. London: John Lane. 1899.

According to the preface, this is a book of some importance in Denmark, Björnsen, for example, describing it as "an epoch-making work." That is very possible. Fra Skram has—again according to the preface—herself been the inmate of a lunatic asylum and has therefore had opportunities for making a study of a specialist in mental diseases. Fra Skram has the pen of one who can reproduce impressions of the senses with powerful and vivid effect; in short, she is a naturalist of the most pronounced type, hesitating at nothing and bent only on making as effective and forcible a picture of the condition of things in a lunatic asylum in Denmark as any government anxious for reform could desire from the witnesses at a royal commission. All this is excellent for a practical purpose. But why label this book on the outside "a novel"? And why translate it into English at all? Is it altogether fair to the unwary subscribers to the libraries of popular fiction, to offer in a gay binding and under the guise of a tale, a book which consists from the first page to the last, without a ripple of change or relief, of revolting details of the mental condition and treatment of lunatics in an asylum? This is the art of the reporter not of the novelist.

"Anne Mauleverer." By Mrs. Mannington Caffyn (Iota). London: Methuen. 1899.

Providentially, neither men, women, nor children talk and behave like the characters whom the author of the "Yellow Aster" portrays; but with all its pretension, and in spite of a chronic straining after effect, her work exhibits spasmodically so much observation, sympathy, and vividness of description that it fascinates at times nearly as much as at others it repels. Anne Mauleverer forfeits our goodwill at the start by being in love with a creature who dies at the end of the first chapter gasping wearisome epigrams; later she develops into a young lady whose accomplishments range from sculpture to the diagnosis of curb wholly undiscovered by stud-groom and vet, while her magnetic power over men is no doubt partly explained by her physical peculiarities, for "she was tall and strong and singularly pure-tinted." For a

description of her physical charms we must refer the reader to the novel itself. She once went to a ball with another woman's false fringe pinned to her head by the other woman, and for half the evening was wholly unconscious of it; an incident that must be left for adequate criticism to such ladies as may care to study her career.

"A Daughter of the Vine." By Gertrude Atherton. London : Service and Paton. 1899.

Bramwell Brontë induces a friend, James Randolph, to join him in a drinking bout, the sequel being that the friend marries a barmaid and settles in California. There a daughter, Nina, is born and the mother secretly plies her child with drink. In Nina Randolph's tragic struggle to deserve the love of Dudley Thorpe and kill the engendered craving for intoxicants rests the only attractiveness which Miss Atherton's latest work possesses. One cannot help thinking of what the author of "Elsie Venner" might have made of the theme. Miss Atherton has fallen far short of its possibilities, and though she has, to give her her due, written some pages of no inconsiderable power, this power is depreciated by the flaunting artificiality of her title, which, indeed, almost suggests that the writer has not taken even the best part of her book seriously.

"The Passing of Prince Royan." By John Bickerdyke. London : Burleigh. 1899.

From a study of revelations in the Bankruptcy Courts and his own fertile brain Mr. Bickerdyke has evolved a financier who in his non-financial moments is a prince or a pirate. In the last capacity he kidnaps most of the other characters, including the counsel retained to prosecute him at the Old Bailey for his lapses of integrity as a company-promoter, and the story of their perils and other details concerning them will be found in the autobiographical narrative of the learned gentleman referred to. It is told with some spirit, and is not without humour, but more cannot be said for it.

"Castle Czvargas." By Archibald Birt. London : Longmans. 1899.

Frank and Daubeny Nutcombe lived in Wiveliscombe, where, as Somerset men know, giants have been bred even in recent years; and in 1666 Daubeny, being the giant of the pair and a mighty wrestler, went to Munich on business, and Frank followed him to rescue him from the grip of Count Czvargas, a very unpleasant and alarming type of mediæval robber-chief. The exciting story of the two brothers' adventures is worth reading by those to whom a stirring romance of the "Lorna Doone" type appeals.

"The Heart of Denise, and Other Tales." By S. Levett Yeats. London : Longmans. 1899.

Denise, one of the maids of honour of the Queen Mother, is forced to marry a lieutenant of the Guard whom she has persuaded herself to hate, but her heart is won after a series of timely revelations and invigorating adventures. On the whole, a crisp and winsome little romance—after Mr. Stanley Weyman, but not far behind him. The other tales have only such interest as can be drawn from madness, sudden death, and a broad range of natural and supernatural horrors.

"The Desire of their Hearts," by Margaret Parker (London : Jarrold), is pleasant reading, in spite of its conventional character. When we come to the eccentric testator who is fond of making numerous wills, the beauteous damsel who inherits under the one last discoverable, and the fortune-hunting Captain of high degree, we know all the rest. The damsel will become engaged to the Captain, the "real" will be found, the Captain behave basely, and everything right itself in the end: these things happen in "The Desire of their Hearts," quite naturally and readably.

"Gwen Penri," by John Boston (London : Elliot Stock), is a simple-minded story in half-educated English of a young Welsh Dissenter and his lady-love. It may have some attractions for Calvinistic Methodists, but as literature it does not count.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Local Government." By W. Blake Odgers, Q.C. English Citizen Series. London : Macmillan. 1899.

During the last twelve years there has been almost a revolution in the constitution of the system of local government throughout the United Kingdom. In 1888 the municipal borough possessed a wider franchise than any existing for Parliamentary or local purposes. In 1899 the burgess qualification is less wide than that for any other local election. The administrative powers of the county justices in England, of Commissioners of Supply in Scotland and of grand juries in Ireland have been successively taken away and all three kingdoms are now equally blessed with the opportunities of electing democratic County Councils. In England outside London a complete system of parishes, county districts, and administrative counties has been created and poor law unions are in a fair way to be rearranged so as no: to extend into more than one county: and on 31 March of this year all the surviving highway boards were merged in the district councils: so that it may be said that an enormous simplification of methods of local government has at last been completed. It is no doubt a matter of great historical interest to trace out the old system by which township, manor, hundred and county were governed. But the task is one of some difficulty and many controversies must and do arise among the students of the obscurities of common law self government; and the old methods are by the popular mind so utterly forgotten and were so completely superseded in England by the quasi-ecclesiastical government by the parish vestry and the overseers of the poor that the creation of a completely modern system was inevitable. In England the parish vestry now survives for civil purposes only in municipal boroughs and in London, and in London it is in process of extinction by the London Government Bill. Of the reforms initiated in 1888 and still in progress Mr. Odgers' little book gives an excellent sketch, and it is also an adequate guide for the purpose of the ordinary citizen for whom it is designed. He gives without undue detail not only a sufficient idea of the superseded systems, but a very efficient account both for the elector and the elected as to how to govern themselves and their neighbours. He parades statistics for those who like figures, mild reforms for the mildly progressive, and for all a thoroughly readable introduction to municipal and parochial activity.

"The Flora of Kent." By F. J. Hanbury and the Rev. E. S. Marshall. London : F. J. Hanbury. 1899.

The value of county Flora is largely reduced—may we say discounted?—by the fact that nature does not recognise the historical reasons owing to which our county borders have been traced. Kent, however, is in an exceptional position, which should give this summary more than usual value. The authors are perfectly justified in claiming for Kent "as rich and diversified a flora as any part of Great Britain;" indeed, we think, they might have risked a little more, and claimed the most diversified soil of any county. With the long river-bank marshes of the tidal Thames, the sand-dunes, now sacred to golf, of Sandwich, the coarse shingle of Deal, the chalk cliffs of Dover, the weird dry shingle Saharas of Lydd, and the rich hop-gardens and cherry-orchards of Tunbridge and Maidstone, there is very little left to be excluded, except the mountainous. Hence, of the orchidaceous plants, out of a total of forty-four known British species, thirty-three have been noted in Kent, but three of these, our authors lament, are nearly if not quite extinct. Kent being a favourite county for the terrible tourist, the danger of extermination of rare species is made greater than usual by the mere mention of a place of occurrence. Hence our authors are wisely cautious, as for example about the *Medicago silvestris* (p. 434), and the *Asplenium trichomanes* (p. 422). The index is entirely of botanical names. It might well have included the principal English names also. A tourist who wished to know more about the hop, for example, might search for a long time in vain, unless he knew enough to turn to *humulus*, and even then he would learn little, except the rather surprising fact that its earliest notice is in 1629, namely in Johnson's "Iter Plantarum Investigationis ergo susceptum . . . in Agrum Cantianum." The work is most thorough and painstaking, but it is strictly reserved for the botanist.

The Catalogue of the first portion of the Forman Collection of Antiquities and Objects of Art of the Renaissance, &c., which will be sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, on Monday, the 19th of June, 1899, and three following days, marks a new departure, in England, from the usual dry-as-dust sale catalogue, and constitutes a most praiseworthy attempt towards emulating the luxurious publications issued abroad whenever an important collection is offered for public auction. The illustrations are excellent, and the text quite worthy of the distinguished scholar who has compiled it. The Catalogue is all the more interesting that the magnificent collection it describes is nearly unknown even amongst archaeologists, notwithstanding that it is a good long time since anything approaching it in the domain of classical art has passed under the hammer in this country. The Greek vases afford choice specimens of nearly all

the periods and styles: a good many—so far as one can judge from the autotypes—are of first-rate interest and beauty. The bronzes are still more remarkable. The most important is undoubtedly the sixth century B.C. "Mounted Warrior" (No. 53, Pl. I). We feel however strongly inclined to attribute it to Etruscan instead of to Greek workmanship. The "Stand of Mirror" in the form of a female figure (No. 67, Pl. III) is a charming specimen of that most fascinating period in Greek art, forming the transition between archaism and perfection. The "Poseidon" (No. 84, Pl. VI) is a very good example of Hellenistic art; its neighbour on Pl. VI, a Seilenos with torch and wine-skin (No. 83), would most likely be the gem of the collection, if it were not in such a dilapidated condition: one can't help admiring it even as it is. What a pity that such a fine gathering is going to be dispersed just when it has been made known!

A clear and concise account of the Marchand Mission, from the moment of its departure from Marseilles on 25 June, 1896, to its evacuation of Fashoda in December last year, is an anonymous writer's valuable contribution to the "Revue de Paris" (1 June). Innumerable hardships and disappointments befall the expedition from the start. Fever laid it low; the Commandant suffered as severely as his men. To illustrate their progress and give an idea of the expanse of country they crossed, the writer has prepared a capital map. Like all conscientious French diplomats, he recognises that a declaration of war would have been fatal to his country. Her fleet was not ready; her only course was to retreat. For the humiliation that Frenchmen still feel at Marchand's withdrawal, the writer holds the Parliament responsible, and regrets with reason that it should have embarked on so risky an enterprise without having first studied "ways and means."

#### THE JUNE REVIEWS.

IT sometimes occurs to us that if we were permitted to take the leading reviews of the month and select from them the most attractive or most valuable articles, something approximating to an ideal contents list might be secured. Different editors would, of course, make varying selections, but no one can go through the whole without realising that certain contributions take special hold of the mind and judgment. In the June reviews there are at least a dozen articles whose claims are conspicuous. From "Blackwood's" we should select Mr. Frederick Greenwood's article on "The Tyranny of Sentiment," a robust exposé of the surrender of common sense at the bidding of theorists, visionaries and utopians generally, and an anonymous article on "The Negative Ruler of France"—that is Dreyfus; from the "Nineteenth" we should take Dr. Jessopp's "Cry of the Villages," which are being depopulated by the superior attractions of the towns, Mr. Sidney Lee's "Shakespeare in France," and the Rev. A. C. Deane's account of the manner in which the clergy are falling off both in quantity and quality; the "Fortnightly" might yield "Russia's Great Naval Enterprise"—the project for connecting the Black Sea and the Baltic by a canal—Mr. Archibald Little's "Two Cities—London and Peking," and Mr. Havelock Ellis's appreciation of Velasquez on the occasion of the tercentenary of his birth; from the "Contemporary" we should take the late Mr. Robert Wallace's "Seamy Side of Imperialism," with which we cordially disagree, but which is useful as showing intelligent readers the limitations of Little Englandism; Madame Darmesteter's "Social Novel in France" and Mr. Albion W. Tourgée's "Twentieth Century Peacemakers"—Great Britain and the United States; from the "National" would be selected Mr. W. R. Lawson's paper on "The Coming Russian Loan," in which he gives reasons why Great Britain should not seize the opportunity to throw money into the capacious Muscovite lap, and Mr. Bernard Holland's admirable essay on "The Present Popularity of Omar Khayyam." Finally, we should certainly do just what the "National" has done—issue Sir Godfrey Lushington's exhaustive and invaluable examination of the conspiracy against Captain Dreyfus as a special supplement, summing up the whole matter. Such a collection would at any rate form a review incomparably more weighty and interesting than any individual review can pretend to be.

It is a striking circumstance that the Peace Conference only claims attention in the June reviews incidentally. For all practical purposes the Tsar's Rescript has been tried and found wanting, even by the British people whose servitude to sentiment affords Mr. Greenwood a fertile theme. Russia's idea of peace is a breathing time preparatory to a new move forward. As Mr. A. W. Tourgée says, Russia has been and will be aggressively expansionist whatever the personal views of her ruler. This consideration lends point to Mr. W. R. Lawson's warning to the English financier not to be carried away by the blandishments of M. de Witte. Russia is contemplating an appeal to the British market for a loan or part of a loan of £10,000,000. For what is the money needed? In the June number of the "Forum" Mr. Charles A. Conant says that Russia is employing her own and borrowed capital in the development of her internal resources, in the connexion of European Russia with Russia's possessions in the Far East,

and in carrying out a policy intended to make her the potent rival of great industrial nations. What Mr. Lawson sees is that whether Russia spent a ten million loan on industrial development or on armaments, it would operate to the detriment of British interests. Foreign loans used to mean that the debtor country took the bulk of the value in goods; to-day the money actually leaves the country to be employed in developing the resources of British rivals. £10,000,000 however will not carry Russia very far in the realisation of the ambitious schemes she has on hand, especially if the peculation which goes on in Russia in official circles is as serious as some competent critics contend. The Black Sea and Baltic Canal is estimated to cost not less than £20,000,000. That it will be constructed there seems little doubt. From strategic and commercial points of view, as "S." shows in the "Fortnightly," its importance could not easily be over-estimated; as an engineering feat it will wholly eclipse the Siberian railway. If Russia wants money for such purposes and her intentions are as pacific as she would have the world believe, then it may be asked why does she not draw upon that great horde which, it is generally understood, she has accumulated as a war reserve? The answer probably is that given in these columns five months ago. Russia prefers to keep her war chest intact for war purposes.

Considerable attention continues to be devoted by the reviews to the Church. In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Wilfrid Ward replies to the Hon. W. Gibson. He is a practised disputant and makes effective play with some very obvious weaknesses in his opponent's case; but when he turns from the easy task of demolition to the serious business of "Catholic Apologetics" he is perceptibly embarrassed. Cardinal Newman's opinions in 1855 are largely quoted, but they are not really ad rem. The disastrous triumph of that "aggressive, insolent faction" whom the great Oratorian denounced in 1870, has reduced to waste-paper the older apologies for the Roman position. In an article on "Erastianism" Dr. Llewelyn Davies tackles a burning subject. Probably no term of ecclesiastical abuse is more widely and wildly used. With a good deal of Dr. Davies' argument we agree: he frankly admits "the anomalous and perplexing position" which has been created for the Church by the political development of the last three centuries: and he draws the inference that English Churchmen must acquiesce in some anomalies which on the whole work well. The Rev. Anthony C. Deane turns away with contempt from the "Crisis" in order to draw attention to a really serious problem, "The Falling-off in the Quantity and Quality of the Clergy." He brings together some suggestive facts, and makes some sensible comments, but he has no practical remedy to suggest. In an interesting article in the "Contemporary" on "Religion in India" Dr. Fairbairn gives a rapid account of his progress from one religious centre in India to another. There seems a certain contradiction between his description of the English rule "as an immense disintegrative and levelling force" which "does not spare even where it means to be most conservative, the ancient institutions of the State or the customs and beliefs of the people," and his statement at the conclusion of his article that "there are things that armies and empires can never change, though they can change both empires and armies: and the deepest of these are the beliefs, the customs, and the order of an old and historical society—in a word, its religion."

For This Week's Books see page 732.

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 The Diary of a Condemned Man (Alfred Hermann Fried). Translated from the German by S. van Straalen). Heinemann. 2s. 6d.  
 The Foreign Policy of the United States: Political and Commercial. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.  
 Le Trésor de Monte-Cristo: Episode from Dumas' Le Comte de Monte-Cristo (Edited by B. Proper). Blackie.  
 The Spoon and its History: its form, material, and development, more particularly in England (communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by C. J. Jackson). Westminster: Nichols and Sons.  
 Florizel's Folly (John Ashton). Chatto and Windus.

## NOTICES.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return, or to enter into correspondence as to, rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.  
 Communications for the Financial Article should be sent to 16 Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

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HOSPITAL SUNDAY, 11th JUNE, 1899. Any person unable to attend Divine Worship on that day is requested to send his or her Contribution to the Lord Mayor. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Bank of England," and sent to the Mansion House.

## ART-WORKERS' GUILD MASQUE PRESENTATION SOCIETY.

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The Masque of the above Society will, by permission of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Court of Common Council, be presented in the GUILDHALL on JUNE 27th, 28th, and 29th, on each date at 8.30 P.M.

Members of the society and friends proposed as members by them will, on payment of their subscription (6s. 1s.), receive one ticket single admission, and further tickets at 6s. 1s. each.

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733

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HEAD OFFICE: Grusonwerf Buildings, Johannesburg, P.O. Box 413.  
LONDON OFFICE: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1899.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamps.	Milled, 19,110 Tons.
WORKING EXPENSES.	
To Mining	Cost.
" Hauling and Pumping	66,612 9 2
" Sorting, Tramming and Crushing	438 0 2
" Development	624 6 9
" Milling	1,150 7 4
" Cyaniding Concentrates	1,538 4 10
" Tailings	281 11 11
" Mill Water Supply	1,480 17 1
" Maintenance	226 11 2
" Charges	3,191 4 4
" Slimes Treatment (current)	438 10 9
	458 7 5
	16,440 10 11
" Slimes Treatment (accumulated)	272 3 0
	16,712 13 11
" Profit for Month	28,984 15 9
	£45,697 9 8
REVENUE.	
By Gold from Mill	Value.
7,437 '73 ozs, valued	£27,010 0 0
From Tailings	11,681 0 0
From Concentrates	4,575 0 0
From Slimes	3,512 0 0
By Products sold	295 9 8
	45,073 9 8
From Slimes (accumulated)	624 0 0
	£45,697 9 8

The Cost and Value per Ton are worked out on the basis of the Tonnage Milled.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE (including Capital Expenditure).

To Working Expenses (as above)	£16,712 13 11
Slimes Plant	642 10 3
New No. 2 Pumping Station	13 1 6
Electric Plant	264 9 2
Plant, General, &c.	827 10 11
Rock Drill Plant	94 12 0
Battery	893 3 6
Cyanide Works	79 2 10
Tram Plant	13 15 0
Water Shaft and Dam	366 12 4
Buildings	182 17 0
Rand Compressor	700 0 0
	20,790 7 5
Balance	24,907 2 3
	£45,697 9 8

By Gold from Mill, Tailings, Concentrates and Slimes, valued £45,697 9 8

MINE DEVELOPMENT.						
Drives	144 feet.					
Sinking Winzes	19 "					
Total footage per month	163 "					

The ore developed by the above footage was 48,673 tons.

SORTING.						
Ore raised from the Mine	26,265 tons.					
Waste sorted out (equal to 26.26 per cent.)	6,988 "					
Sorted ore sent to mill	19,367 "					
Ore in bins at Battery 1st March	2,096 "					

Ore crushed for March	21,463 "					
Balance in bins 1st April	19,110 "					

MILL.						
120 Stamps ran 30 days 8 hours crushing	19,110	TONS.				
Total crushed per Stamp per 24 hours	5'25 "					
Bullion yield	7,437 '73 ozs.					
Bullion yield per ton	7'78 dwts.					

CYANIDE WORKS.						
Tons treated	Tailings, 12,018	Concentrates 1,680				
Bullion yield	3,455 '30 ozs.	1,353 '45 ozs.				
Bullion yield per ton	5'75 dwts.	16'11 dwts.				
Working cost per ton treated	2 5'58	3 4'22				

SLIMES PLANT.						
Tons treated	Current, 4,000 tons.	Accumulated, 1,654 tons.				
Bullion yield	414 '83 tons.	171 '27 tons.				
Bullion yield per ton	5'07 dwts.	2'07 dwts.				
Working cost per ton treated	2 3'49	3 3'49				

The treatment of accumulated Slimes was started early in the month, but owing to very slow settlement only 1,654 tons were treated. To provide for more settling area it has been found necessary to add two more tanks of 1,000 tons capacity each. These are now in course of erection. The low recovery of Gold from the Slimes Works is due to when starting the treatment of accumulated Slimes leadfoil was put into all of the extractor boxes, causing the Gold when precipitating to be distributed

over double the quantity of leadfoil than formerly, thus not being recoverable until later.

TOTAL YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, dwts. grains.
Mill	19,110	7,437 '73	6,411 '82
Cyanide (Tailings)	12,018	3,455 '30	2,772 '99
" (Concentrates)	1,680	1,353 '45	1,086 '14
Slimes (Current)	4,000	474 '83	358 '82
Slimes (Accumulated)	1,654	371 '27	248 '15
			12,832 '88
			10,777 '02
			11 6'71

In addition to the above Litharge was sold containing 78 '18 fine ozs. of Gold.

FEBRUARY YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, dwts. grains.
Mill	17,004	6,770 '03	5,804 '86
Cyanide (Tailings)	10,979	3,155 '95	2,588 '98
" (Concentrates)	1,400	1,150 '00	943 '40
Slimes	3,877	693 '75	602 '17
			11,769 '73
			9,939 '41
			11 26'57

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

JOHANNESBURG, 18th April, 1899.

RANDFONTEIN ESTATES GOLD MINING COMPANY, WITWATERSRAND, LIMITED.

NOTICE is hereby given that the SHARE CERTIFICATES and SHARE WARRANTS to BEARER in respect of the recent issue of 500,000 new shares in this Company are now ready for delivery at the Office of their London Agents, the ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, E.C., in exchange for the Banker's receipts and the Allotment Letters, duly endorsed.

1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, E.C., 23rd May, 1899.

Coupons must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of 11 A.M. and 2 P.M.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

By Order, ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., 25th May, 1899.

ROYAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS.

Owing to the Society's operations the statutes made for the protection of animals have been enacted and enforced. It is an educational and punitive agency. It disseminates in schools, and among persons having the care of dumb animals, upwards of one hundred different kinds of journals, leaflets, pamphlets, and small books, all of which are designed to teach the proper treatment of domestic animals, and the duty and beneficence of kindness to them. By its officers, who are engaged in all parts of England, it cautions or punishes persons guilty of offences. Thus, while its primary object is the protection of creatures which minister to man's wants, it is obvious that in no small degree it seeks to elevate human nature.

Persons who desire to be made acquainted with further particulars, showing the persuasive and educational measures or punitive proceedings taken by the Society to prevent cruelty to animals, should apply to the Secretary or to all booksellers for its monthly illustrated journal, "The Animal World," price 2d., and "The Band of Mercy," price 4d.; also to the Secretary for its annual report, price 1s. for non-members; also for books, pamphlets, leaflets, and other literature published by the Society, a catalogue of which may be had gratis; also for copies of its monthly return of convictions, or also its cautionary placards, which will be sent gratis to applicants who offer to distribute them usefully. Address, No. 105 Jermyn Street.

MONTHLY RETURN OF CONVICTIONS (not including those obtained by the police or by kindred societies) obtained during the month ending May 15, 1899, as follows:-

Working horses and donkeys in an unfit state	280
Beating &c. horses, donkeys, cattle, dogs, and cats	79
Overloading and overdriving horses	7
Travelling horses, cattle, and sheep when lame	9
Starving horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, rabbits, and fowls by withholding food	16
Abandoning horses and cattle when injured	2
Wounding horse by inserting stick into body	1
Overstocking cows	2
Neglecting to kill cattle when injured aboard ship	1
Exposing sheep during inclement weather	3
Conveying cattle and sheep on improperly appointed ships	6
Overcrowding pigs in railway truck	1
Castrating cat improperly	1
Conveying fowls in cart	1
Wounding fowls by tying legs too tightly	1
Shooting, taking, &c., wild birds during close season	7
Causing in above (owners)	180
Laying poisoned grain on land and selling poisoned grain	2
	598
During 1899 up to last return	2503
Total for the present year	310X

Thirty-three offenders were committed to prison (full costs paid by the Society) 565 offenders paid pecuniary penalties (penalties are not received by the Society). The above return is irrespective of the assistance rendered to the police in cases not requiring the personal attendance of our officers.

The Committee invite the co-operation and support of the public. Besides duty, relays of officers watch all-night traffic in the streets of London. Printed suggestions may be had on application to the undersigned.

ANONYMOUS COMPLAINTS OF CRUELTY ARE NOT ACTED ON.

The names of correspondents are not given up when letters are marked "Private."

Cheques and Post Orders should be made payable to the Secretary, to whom all letters should be addressed. The Society is GREATLY in NEED OF FUNDS.

JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

105 Jermyn Street, London.

The above return is published (1) to inform the public of the nature and extent of acts of cruelty to animals discovered by the Society in England and Wales; (2) to show the Society's efforts to suppress that cruelty by statutory law; (3) to prompt the police and constabulary to apply the Statutes in similar offences; and (4) to make the law known and respected, and to warn cruelly disposed persons against breaking it. Officers are not permitted to lay information, except as directed by the Secretary on written evidence.



THIRTY-EIGHTH REPORT OF  
THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED,

(YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO)

Presented to the Shareholders at the HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on Friday, 10th March, 1899.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL...Yen 12,000,000 | CAPITAL PAID UP...Yen 10,500,000 | RESERVE FUND...Yen 7,900,000

DIRECTORS.—NAGATANE SOMA, Esq. SONODA KOKICHI, Esq. RIVEMON KIMURA, Esq. ROKURO HARA, Esq.  
IPPEI WAKAO, Esq. YOSHIGUSU NAKAI, Esq.

PRESIDENT.—NAGATANE SOMA, Esq.  
AGENCIES.—Bombay, New York, Tokio, Hawaii, San Francisco, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Lyons.  
HEAD OFFICE.—YOKOHAMA.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ending December 31st, 1898. The gross profits of the Bank for the past half-year, including Yen 339,817, were brought forward from last account, amount to Yen 5,611,848, of which Yen 3,042,258 have been deducted for current expenses, interest on deposits, &c., leaving a balance of Yen 1,669,580, out of which Yen 79,786 have been written off for officers' remuneration. The Directors now propose that Yen 340,000 be added to the reserve fund, increasing it to Yen 7,300,000, and Yen 100,000 be set aside for the contemplated new building. From the remainder the Directors recommend a dividend at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum, which will absorb Yen 450,000 on the Old Shares, and Yen 337,500 on the New Shares, making a total of Yen 787,500. The balance, Yen 362,303, will be carried forward to the credit of next account.

Head Office, Yokohama, 10th March, 1899.

NAGATANE SOMA, Chairman.

LIABILITIES.	BALANCE SHEET.	31st December, 1898.
Capital paid up...	Y.	Y.
Reserve Fund...	10,500,000	2,700,427
Reserve for Doubtful Debts	6,960,000	5,391,857
Reserve for New Building	126,182	14,527,115
Deposits	316,542	33,474,201
Bills Payable, and other Sums due by the Bank	40,612,434	72,427,455
Dividends Unclaimed...	68,772,194	140,841
Amount brought forward from last Account	3,848	284,293
Net Profit for past Half-year	339,817	Y.
	1,329,772	Y.
	Yen 128,961,192	Y.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	V.	V.
To Current Expenses, Interest, &c.	3,042,258	Y.
To Amount written off for Officers' Remuneration	79,786	339,817
To Reserve Fund	340,000	5,391,857
To Reserve for New Building	100,000	Y.
To Dividend—		Y.
Yen 7 per Share for 60,000 Old Shares	450,000	By Balance brought forward 30th June, 1898
Yen 5 per Share for 60,000 New Shares	337,500	30,817
To Balance carried forward to next Account	362,303	By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 31st Dec., 1898.
	Yen 5,611,848	5,391,857
	Yen 128,961,192	Y.

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and find them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and find them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

SHINOBU TAJIMA,  
FUKUSABURO WATANABE, AUDITORS.

YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED, YOKOHAMA.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that our Vice-President and Director, Mr. KOREKIYO TAKAHASHI, has resigned, having been appointed Vice-Governor of the Bank of Japan; and that our London Manager, Mr. Y. NAKAI has been elected Director, continuing to be Manager of our London Branch as heretofore.

K. NORITAKE, Secretary.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - £200,000.

MANAGER'S REPORT

FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1899.

MINE.

Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk	
exclusive of stopes	506 feet.
Ore and waste mined	8,869 tons.
Waste sorted out = 32.63 per cent.	2,894 "
Balance sent to mill	5,975 tons.
Percentage of South Reef mined	59 per cent.
Main Reef Leader mined	41 "

MILL.

Stamps	40
Running time	29.75 days.
Tons milled	5,975 tons.
per stamp per day	5.02 tons.
Smelted gold bullion	5,288.82 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	4,495.5 "

SANDS AND SLIMES WORKS.

Yield in bullion	3,065.882 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	2,606.000 "

TOTAL YIELD.

In fine gold from all sources	7,101.5 ozs.
per ton milled	23.77 dwt.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 5,975 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Mining	3,110	1	8	10	4	923
Crushing and Sorting	504	4	5	1	8	253
Milling	1,272	2	4	4	3	092
Cyaniding Sands	1,069	15	0	3	6	969
Slimes	466	8	8	1	6	735
Head Office Expenses	45	10	4	0	1	823
	£6,468	2	5	£1	1	7795
Redemption	1,867	3	9	6	3	000
Expenditure for additional machinery	622	10	4	2	1	004
	8,957	16	6	1	9	11.799
Profit	20,868	9	6	3	9	10.233
	£29,826	6	0	£4	19	10.032

REVENUE.

Value.	Value per Ton.					
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
By Mill Gold: 4,495.5 ozs. fine, valued at	18,881	2	0	3	3	24
By Cyanide Gold: 2,606 ozs. fine, valued at	10,945	4	0	1	16	76
	£29,826	6	0	£4	19	10.032

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

On Development	£2,797	1	3
Less charged under working costs	1,867	3	9
	£929	17	6

FRANCIS SPENCER, Manager.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by FREDERICK DUNCAN WALKER, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 10 June, 1899.